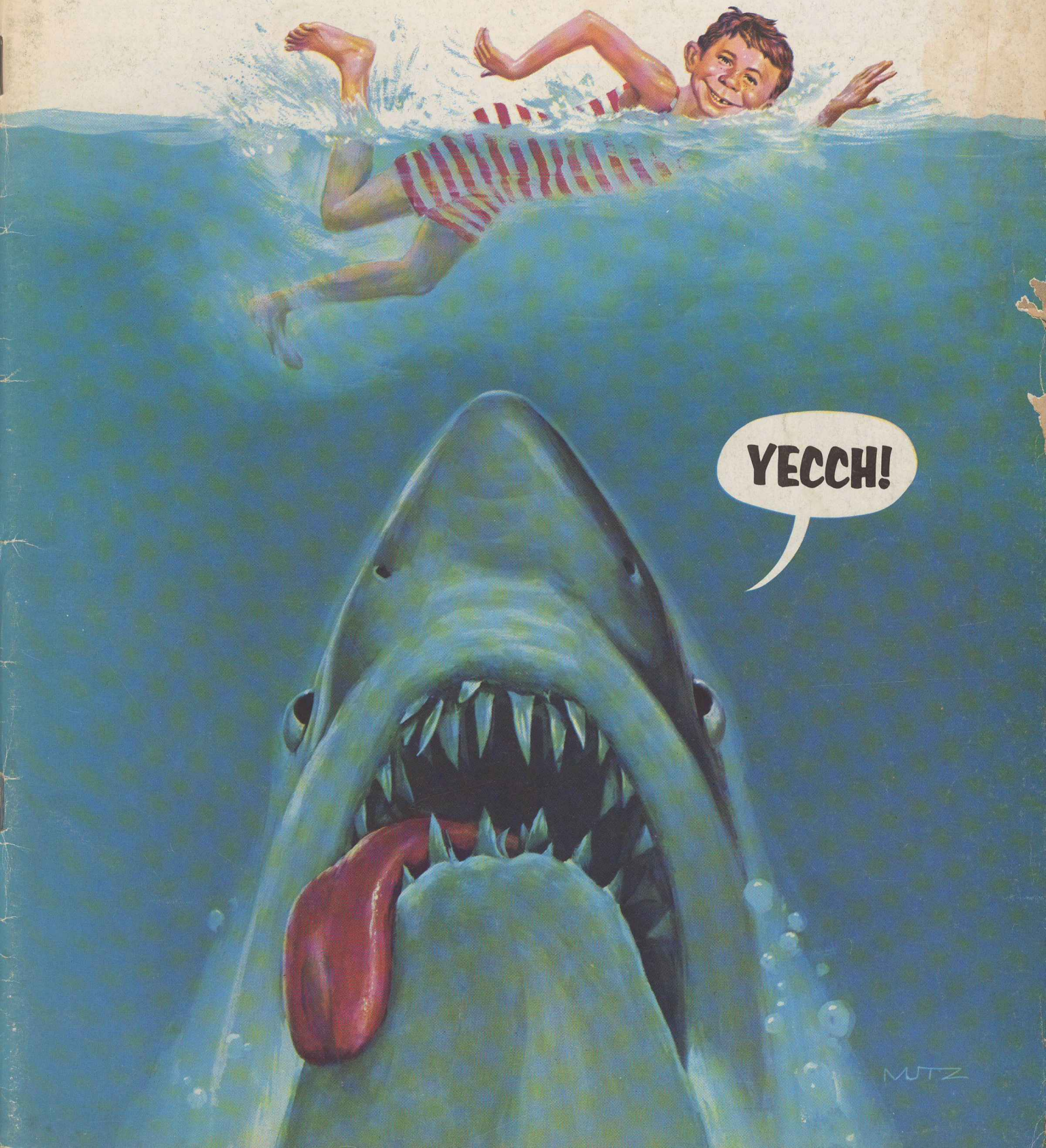


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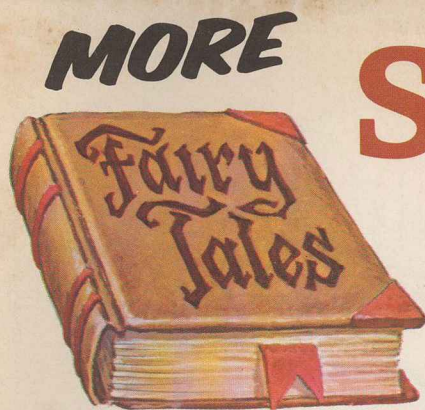
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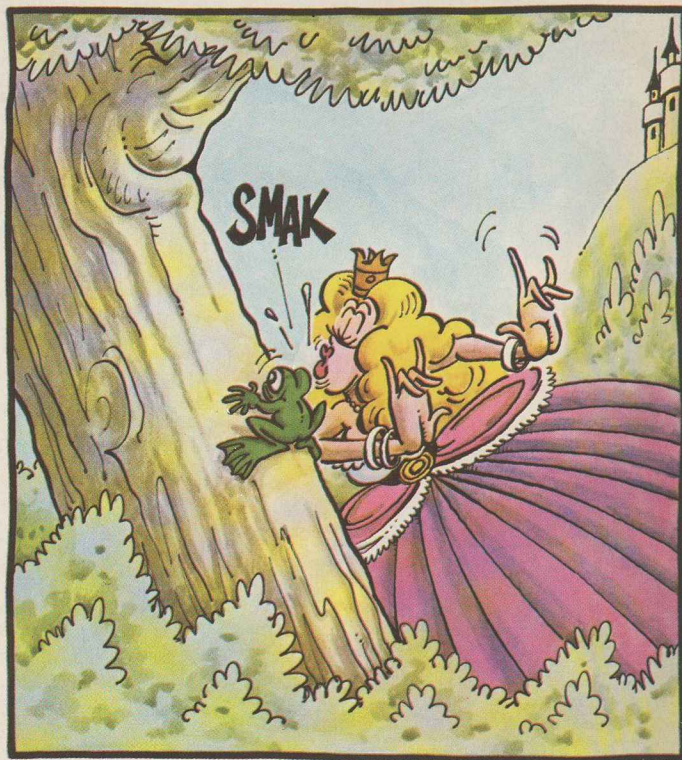
YECCH!

NUTZ



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN



MAD

"A rolling stone gathers no moss . . . but it always ends up
at the bottom of the hill!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,

DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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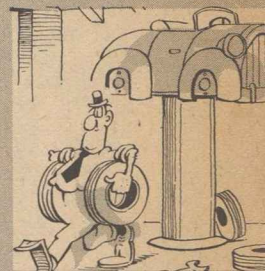
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(A MAD
MOVIE
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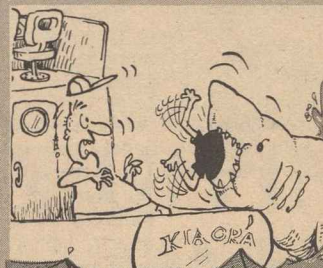
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**MAD
EDITORZ**

DAVIS' S TRACKS STARS COVER

Delightful cover by Davis! Micrin Minestrone's gang and Hercules Pirouette's confronting each other is a classic concept, too. I'll pick Sean Connery over James Caan in the preliminaries.

Bud Blake
Damariscotta, Maine

Jack Davis' *smashing* cover was a tantalizing preview to the marvelous "double feature" inside. MAD has selected the important movies unerringly!

Carol Worthington
Hollywood, Calif.

THE ODD FATHER PART, TOO!

Larry Siegel had great command of his narrative in "The Odd Father Part, Too!" and the tone and sensitivity of Mort Drucker's flashbacks bridged the gap from drawing board to director's chair.

Bruce Hamilton
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Mort Drucker outdid himself with his second "Odd Father" triumph. He portrayed Micrin sullen and alone whether in the press of festive or patronizing crowds, or in his total abject solitude. If anything, Mort heightened the intensity of Al Pacino's screen role.

Jerry Sinkovec
Menomonee Falls,
Wisconsin

I'd be curious to know what actor Al Pacino thought of Larry Siegel's masterful "The Odd Father Part, Too!" story ...

Ira Matetsky
Baldwin, N.Y.

We don't know about his reaction to the story, but we're sure he looked at the pictures!—Ed.

Mort Drucker did cluster upon cluster of captivating secondary characters. They were a joy to linger over, upon my third reading!

Rodney Smith
Kalamazoo, Mich.

After Sunday dinner, we stayed at the table, family style, digesting Larry Siegel's devastating lines and pointing out Drucker's likenesses of Troy Donahue, Robert Duvall, Talia Shire and Abe Vigoda. Abe Vigoda ...?

Robin Scarpitto
Merced, Calif.

Why wait for novelist Mario Puzo and Director-Producer Francis Ford Coppola to do "Godfather III"? Let Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker start without them!

Harvey King
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Don Martin's "One Day In South Dakota" was quite ear-regular!

Steve Zegarelli
Utica, N.Y.

Don Martin sure knows how to build up to a monumental gag!

Shawn Fitzgerald
San Diego, Calif.



A Monumental Ear-Regularity

Don Martin's animated clean-up crew on Mount Rushmore reminded me of the busy little Lilliputians swarming over Gulliver. Well, Don Martin always gives me a Swift kick!

Donna Zwerin
New York, N.Y.

THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

Stan Hart's "MAD Economics Primer" is so expressive of today's economic problems, maybe it'll help bring about *some* change. As for Al Jaffee's draw-it-like-it-is illustrations for the Primer, that's exactly what Russia and Saudi Arabia did to Uncle Sam!

James Tuck
Hialeah, Fla.



That's Exactly What They Did!

Your "MAD Economics Primer" wasn't the least bit funny. It was too revealing and too true to be funny.

Myron Bennett
La Grange, Ill.

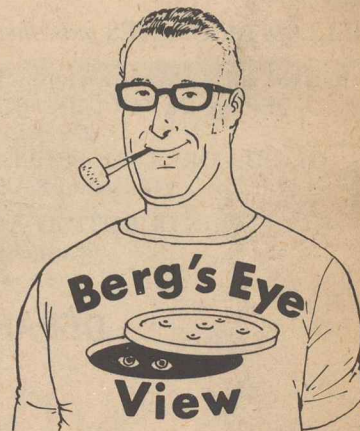
LIGHTER SIDE OF GARDENING

Dave Berg had his ear to the ground in "The Lighter Side Of Indoor And Outdoor Gardening". He's all thumbs on *any* subject. Green thumbs!

Arlene Chapman
Chicago, Ill.

You never know where Dave Berg will sprout up. He's a blooming idiot with a very fertile mind!

Andee Cole
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



Dave Berg, A Blooming Idiot

Very amusing realities about gardening. Gave me a burst of energy to attend to my own overgrown backyard!

Loretta Velona
Maywood, N.J.

MUDDLE ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

I saw in the papers that Agatha Christie has decided to kill off Hercule Poirot after what Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres did to him in "Muddle On The Orient Express". Who can blame her?

Tim Dunn
Worcester, Mass.

Engineers Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres kept the "Orient Express" on the laugh track!

Brendan Kavanagh
Flushing, N.Y.

Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone committed the perfect crime and there was no visible weapon, as evidence, because I died laughing!

Timothy O. Lane
Baldwin Park, Calif.

ROLLERBALL RECALLS BASEBRAWL

Hey, Clods! Methinks movie producer Norman Jewison was inspired by Al Jaffee's "The MAD Game Of Basebrawl", issue #167. Of course, he added some refinements and called his movie "Rollerball".

Jon Kull
Arvada, Colo.

"Rollerball" will be served up soon by Angelo Torres and Stan Hart.—Ed.

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PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPT.

There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

JA

Well, here we are... a bunch of teenagers enjoying a typical Summer night in the typical seaside community of Vomity, Long Island!

It sure is fun sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know... it'll be September and we'll be back in school, and our whole lives'll change!

Yeah! What a drag... sittin' in a hot classroom, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Maybe you're having fun... but I'm bored! Doesn't anything different ever happen on this beach?

Look at Freddy and Brenda... running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

Like I said, ... doesn't anything DIFFERENT happen on this beach?!

What's that strange THING out there?!

Yeah... and listen to that rich, melodic background music...!

Oh, my God, it's horrible! HORRIBLE!

That strange thing out there...?

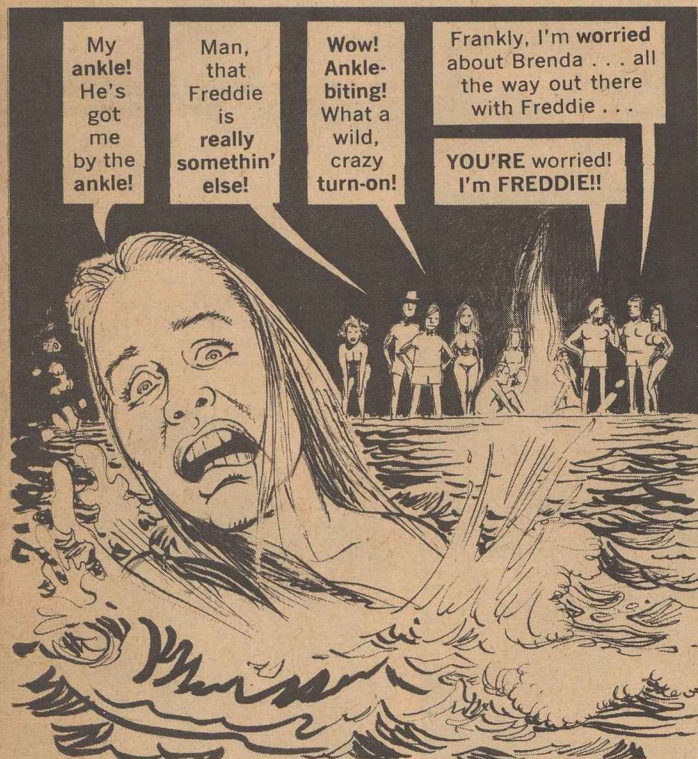
No—melodic music! I never heard music with a melody before! Quick! Someone turn up that Rock number before I go crazy!



AWW'D

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



My ankle! He's got me by the ankle!

Man, that Freddie is really somethin' else!

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy turn-on!

Frankly, I'm worried about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worried! I'm FREDDIE!!

What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a boy or a girl?

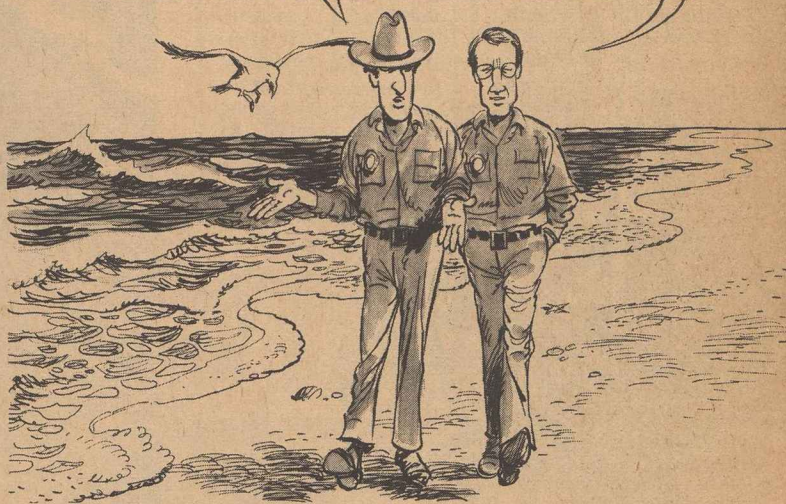
Look! Nowadays that description is no proof one way or the other!

I got NEWS for you! Nowadays, THAT's no proof either!

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a teenager . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — c'mon now, Chief!

We KNOW it's a girl, Chief! When she was last seen, she was NAKED!



What do you think could have happened to her, Chief?

I hate to say it, but if you've been around here as long as I have, you've seen those hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .

I know! I've been in the halls of the High School!

And then again, if we're lucky, maybe it was only a SHARK!

I . . . choke . . . I found something . . . Chief!!

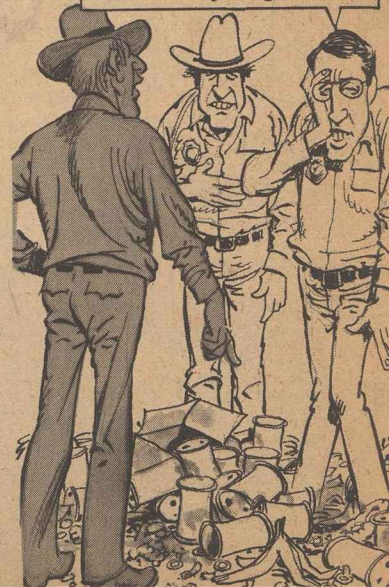
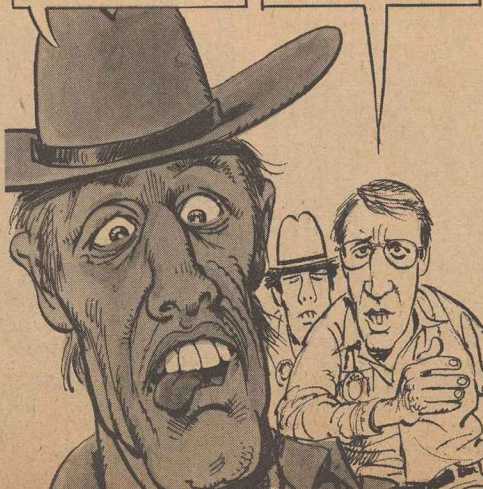
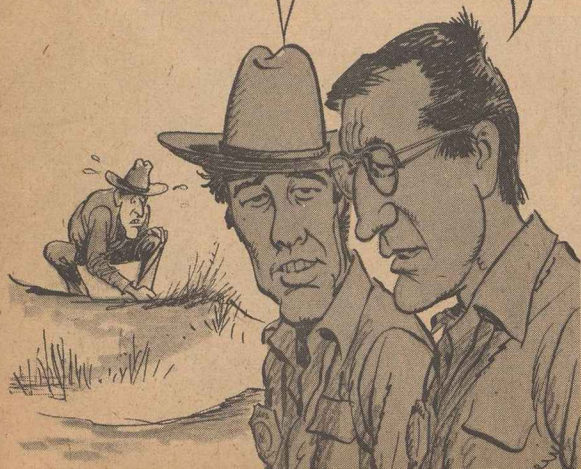
Is it—what—you thought it was??

Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I thought it was . . . all right!!

Listen to me! Get hold of yourself! You're a Police Officer! You can stand up to anything, even the remains of a body after a shark gets through with it!

Oh, yeah? How about the typical garbage left behind by the slobs after an all night beach party?!

Oh, God! Anything but that!



Uggh!
Melon
rinds
and
banana
peels!

Blaah!
Anchovy
pizza
scraps
and
scungili!

Pyuch!
Peanut
butter
sand-
wiches
and —

What do you think you're
doing, Chief Brooding?!!

The remains of a
girl were found,
Mayor Vault! She
must have been
eaten by a shark!
We can't allow any
people in the water!

Are you insane?!
Close our beaches
with July 4th a
week away?! That's
when we do all our
business around
here! Forget about
that shark and take
down that sign!

Forget about it?! Do you realize
what horror you may be subjecting
people to on this beach? Have you
no conscience? Particularly on
Independence Day, when Americans
celebrate their precious, hard-
earned freedom by blowing off
their arms and legs with fire-
crackers, and driving drunkenly
down our nation's highways...

Come
to
think
of it,
I guess
I'll
take
down
the
sign!

**NO SWIMMING
ON THIS BEACH**
By Order of Vornity P.D.
INCORPORATED TOWNSHIP OF VOR
Population..... 3,012₂

How come
we're all
enjoying
ourselves,
and the
Chief of
Police has
to work?

They say a
mysterious
thing is
endangering
the beach,
and he's
protecting
all of us!

It must be
tough
looking
through
those
glasses
hours
on end!

What
dedication!
I'm sure
that what-
ever he's
looking for,
he's going
to GET it!

Not unless somebody tells his WIFE!!

Well, Schmendricks,
so far... so good!

That's great! No
sign of the shark?

No
sign
of
her
Husband!

What happened?

All of a sudden
I heard this
rich melodic
music, and then
this kid started
screaming and...
ugh... it was
just awful...!

Yecch!
All that
blood
and gore
and torn
limbs! You
know what
this means,
don't you,
Chief...?

Right! There goes the
picture's "G" rating!
But a "PG" will still
pull in the kids...!

What about that line
in the ads that says,
"May Be Too Intense
For Younger Children"?
Won't that hurt us?

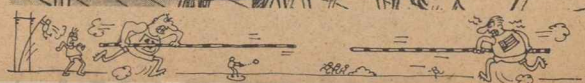
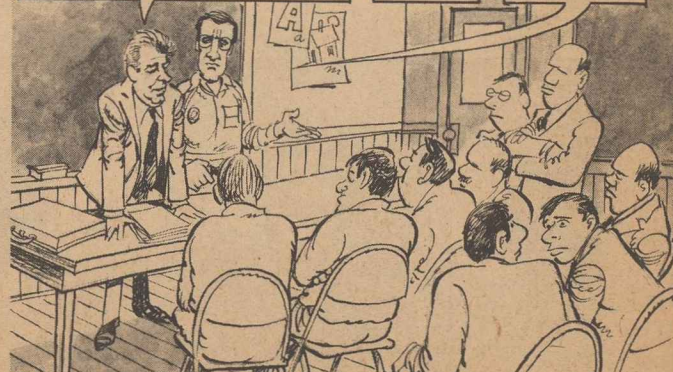
Are you
kidding?!?
That's like
trying to
scare ants
away from a
picnic by
pouring
sugar on
the ground!

I've called this meeting of
you key townspeople because
there is a silly rumor going
around that an alleged shark
has allegedly killed two
alleged people! We will now
have the Coroner's report!
Er... where is the Coroner?

He's
dead!

WHAT?!
How
did it
happen?

The alleged
shark bit
off his
alleged
head! Also
his alleged
arms and
legs...





Very well! The meeting is open to suggestions! Would anyone like to speak...?

SCREEEEEC

AAARRRGH!

SHRIEK!

YEOW!

Does Captain Squint always do disgusting things like that for attention?

No... he usually just belches!

Now, listen to me, Matey... and listen good! I'm the only Sea Captain around here who can **CATCH** that mother, and you know it! But it's gonna cost you ten thousand dollars!

Take it... or leave it! And the more you wait, the more it's gonna cost you! And if you don't like my offer, you and this whole town can go **##*!@&@!!**

We'll think about it, Captain Squint!

Does he actually make a living as a Sea Captain?

Not really! He moonlights on the side!

What's his other job?

He works for The Welcome Wagon!

We're in trouble, Schmendricks! The Mayor is still not sold on the shark story, and I'm not sure I trust Squint! Isn't there **ANYONE** who can help us?!!

Hi, there! I'd like to help! My name is Clod Hopper, and I'm a brilliant young Scientist! I know **ALL ABOUT** sharks! God, but they're beautiful creatures! Do you know that I once made **LOVE** to a shark?! I mean... this one really turned me on, and—

What?!? How could **ANYONE** make love to a shark!!

Very carefully!

Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically examine the remains of this victim—that the thorax and the upper anatomy in general, particularly the sternum and scapula, have been severely **traumatized**, and that the metatarsal bones on the severed foot that I hold in my hand have been **nearly obliterated**...

Uh-huh... Uh-huh... quite interesting! Now... after assimilating all this, there is **one** thing I'd like to say as a Scholar... and as a Scientist...

What's that...?

YEECCCH!

Great news, Chief!
My kid and I caught
the shark, so your
troubles are over!

Very simple! My kid has this old
kite string, see? Well, sir... I
bent this safety pin around the
string and tossed it into the—

Sure, providing
you use the
right bait...!

Incredible! How did
you and your kid
ever manage to land
a fish this size?

Wait a minute! You expect me to
believe that anybody using a
safety pin and some old kite
string could catch a shark?!

And
what did
YOU
use for
bait?

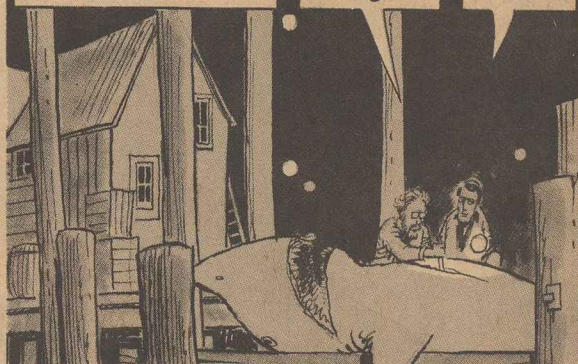
My
kid!

I'm not sure this is
the shark we're after!
The only way to know
for sure is to cut him
open and look for clues
inside! Don't worry! I
know what I'm doing!
I've been around fish
all my life...

You know,
you remind
me of a
surgeon!

You mean
SURGEON!
I cut like
a surgeon!

You may
CUT
like a
surgeon,
but
you
SMELL
like a
surgeon!



Ah-hah! Just as I thought!
This shark doesn't eat
people! It eats **JUNK!** Look
at this! An old lawn mower,
a pair of orthopedic shoes,
a 1959 Edsel, a crate of
watermelons and 500,000
copies of Reader's Digest!

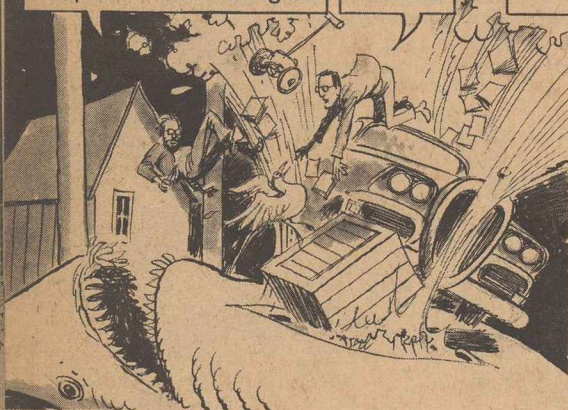
Sew him
up fast!
I feel
like we
just
operated
on Euell
Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've
got proof that the
dead shark is **NOT**
the one we're after!
The killer is **STILL**
OUT THERE! We've
got to close the
beaches... **NOW!!**

Not on your life! This
is July 4th! But don't
worry! They're going to
set up an impregnable
barrier in the water
that no shark will ever
be able to penetrate!

It won't work!
He's too smart!
He'll slip
past the gun
boats! He'll
sneak by the
helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm
talking about the
NATURAL barrier:
that wall of typical
holiday refuse and
garbage... thrown
into the water by
50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHH!

YECCCCH!

CHOKO!

UGH!

Well...
Mayor!!?
Still
MORE
deaths!
Are you
satisfied
now?!!

Okay, Chief!
You win! I'll
pay Squint
what he wants!
Go out there
with him and
GET THAT
SHARK!!

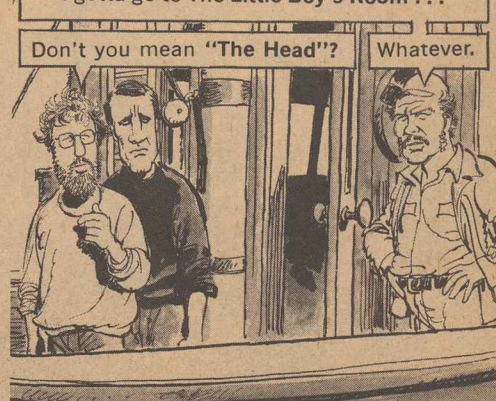
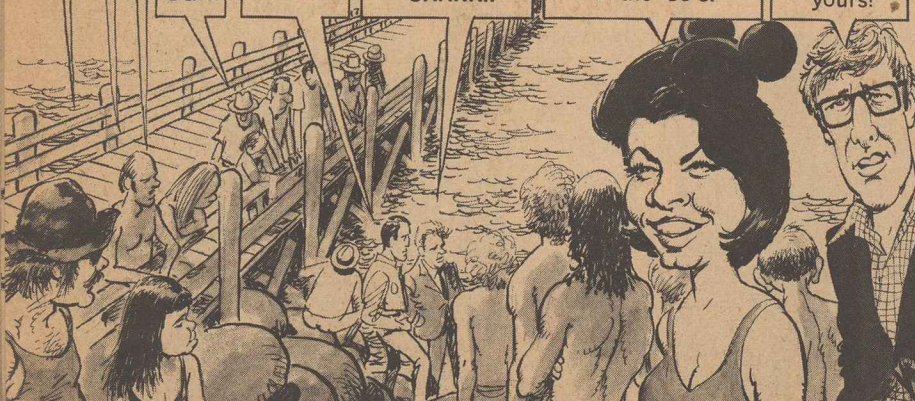
Golly, all this
blood and torn
bodies and killer
sharks! They sure
don't make "**Beach**
Pictures" the
way I made them
in the '60's!

That's true,
Annette!
But **THIS**
one is
ALMOST as
nauseating
as one of
yours!

Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of
this @#%& boat, and what I say **GOES!**
I've been a sailor, man and boy, for **forty**
years! I know every inch of this ocean and
every nook and cranny of this boat! I know
the sound and the smell and the language
of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me,
I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room...

Don't you mean "**The Head**"?

Whatever.



I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get **SEASICK!**

I'd feel even **BETTER** if we weren't still in **PORT!!**



The **College Boy**'ll take the helm! And you, Chief ... you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it **overboard** ...

Oh, I get it! It's **BAIT** ... to lure the shark!

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

Then why do you want me to throw it **overboard**?

You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

Listen ... one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

The "**DECK**"!

Whatever.

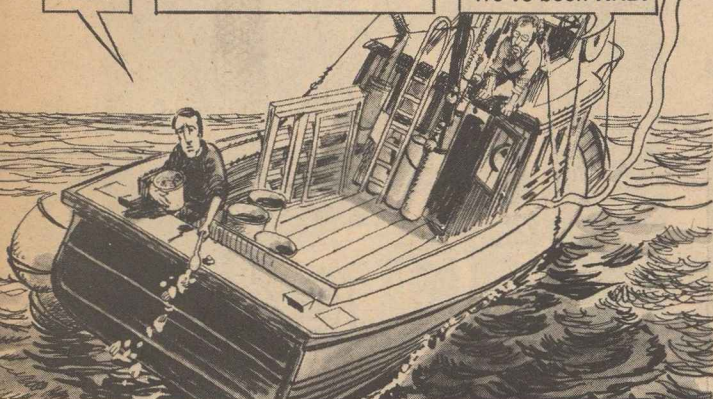


Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD**?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys ...

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the
Dusty trail,
As those Caissons
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT!**
We've been **HAD!**



You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!



C'mon, Squint ... you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has ...
Pretty teeth, dear ...
And he shows them ...
Pearly white ...

Boy ... with these Old Salts, everything is a **SONG CUE!!**



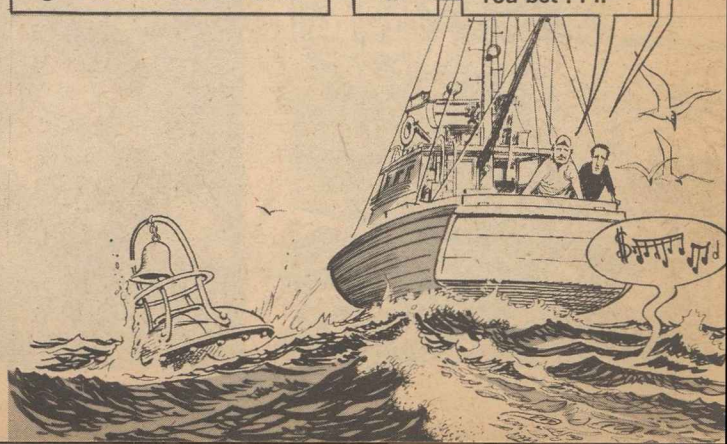
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music ...??

Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!

Does that mean anything to you?

You bet ...!



Hey . . . what the hell are you doing?!!

I'm sorry! Okay . . . YOU lead!

That's not dance music, dummy! It's the theme of the shark! It follows him wherever he goes!

He must be one of those rare Mantovani sharks!!

For Pete's sake, will you please let me go, now!

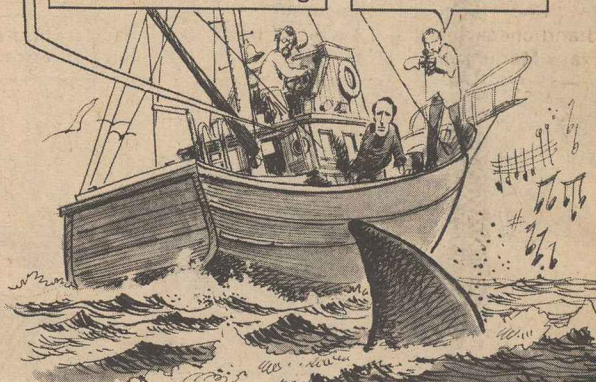
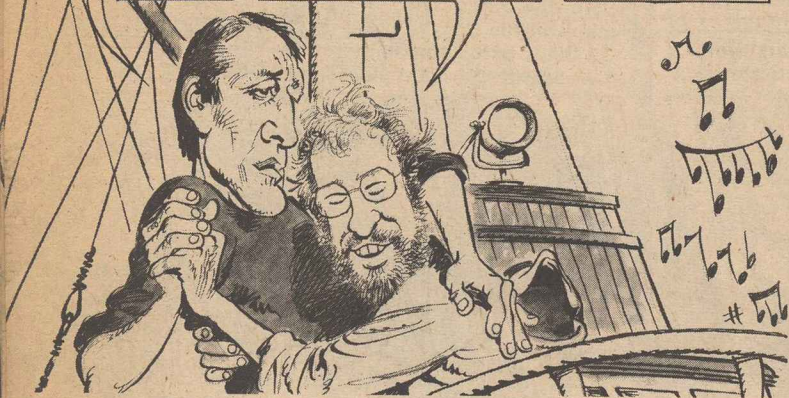
Give me one more minute! I'm a fantastic dipper!

What are YOU doing, Squint?

I'm shooting this harpoon . . . with a barrel tied to it . . . into him! That's so we'll know where he is at all times . . . and in what direction he's swimming!

I see! And then, we FOLLOW him?

No, then we go in the **OTHER** direction! A guy can get **KILLED** around here!!



Good Lord! Three harpoons in him . . . and he's still coming at us! I've got to admit . . . I'm **STUMPED!!**

You **WILL** be . . . if he sinks this boat!

Wait! I have an idea that just might save us—but it's not completely worked out yet! Why don't I climb into this cage, and you lower me into the water! That'll lure the shark toward me, and I'll kill him!

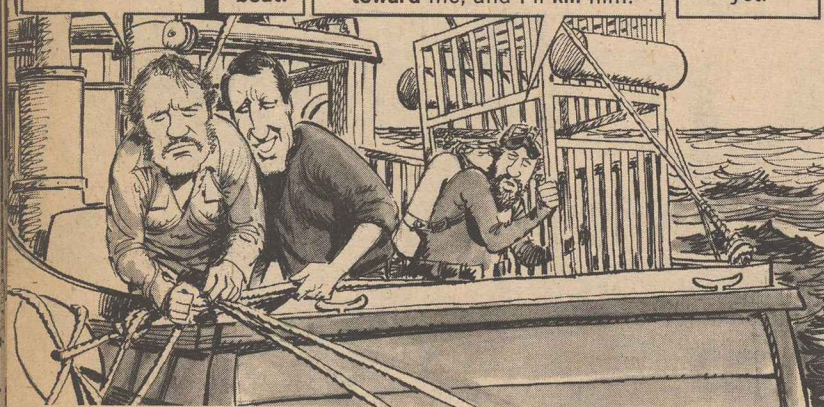
How will you **KILL** him?!!

Er—that's the part I haven't worked out yet!

Hey, I've got it! **STRYCHNINE!!** This poison will kill **ANYTHING!**

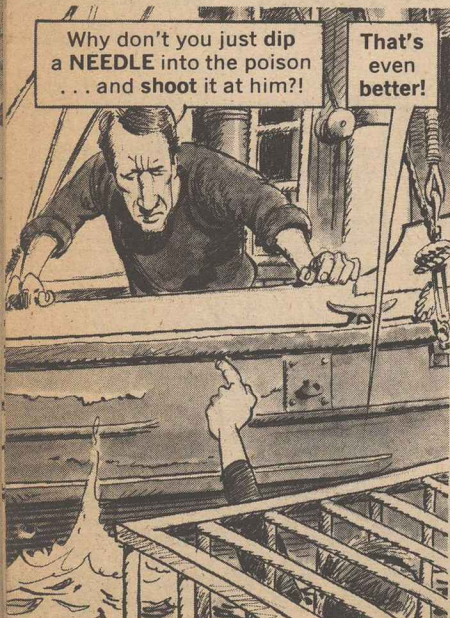
Great! Only **HOW** will you give it to the **SHARK?**

Good question! Uh . . . I know! I know! Oh, it's so simple! Why didn't I think of this before! What I'll do is **MIX TWO MARTINIS!** Then, I'll propose a toast, and when the shark isn't looking, I'll slip some of this into **HIS!**

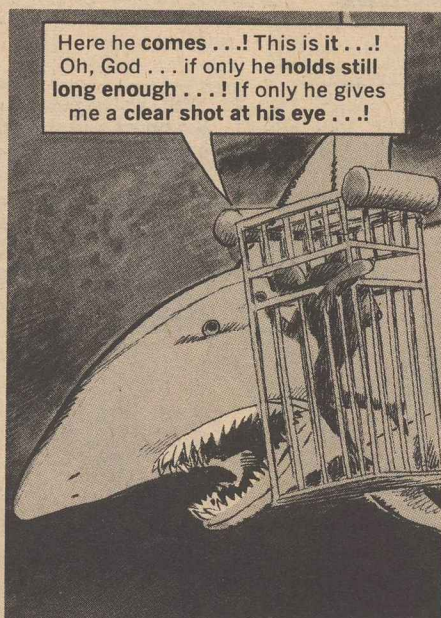


Why don't you just dip a **NEEDLE** into the poison . . . and shoot it at him?!

That's even better!



Here he comes . . .! This is it . . .! Oh, God . . . if only he **holds still** long enough . . .! If only he gives me a clear shot at his eye . . .!



If only I didn't drop the needle!!



He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual ...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS ...

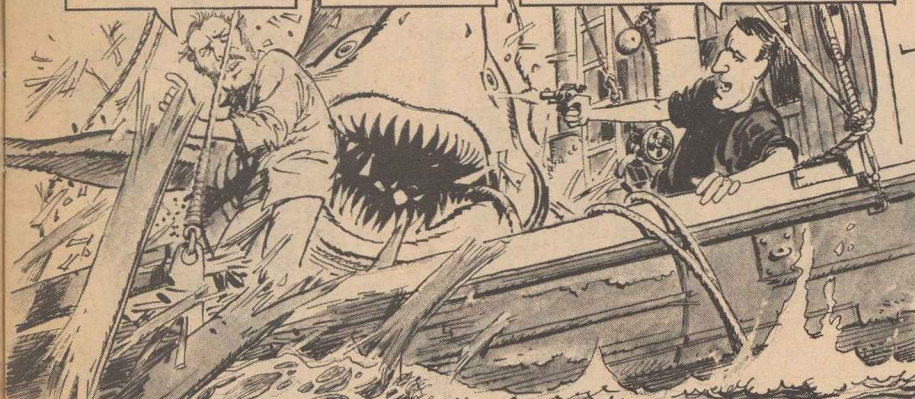
OKAY, SHARK ... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT ...

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker ...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



Whatever ...

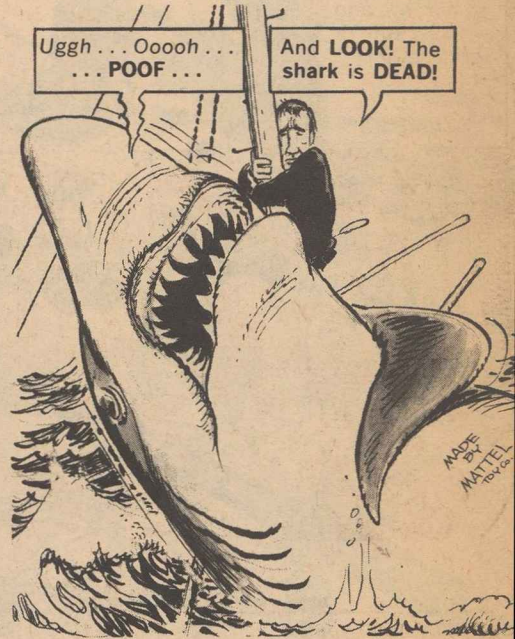
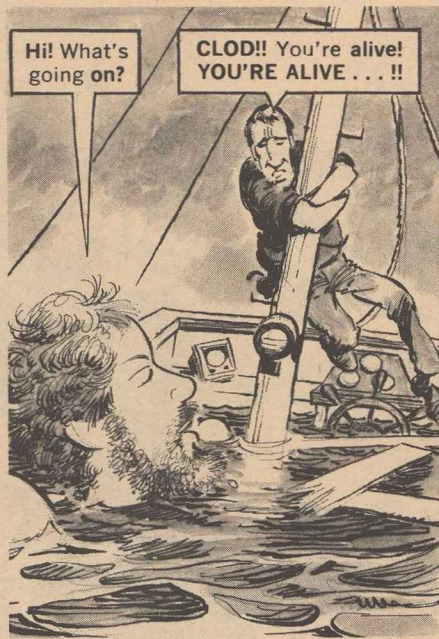
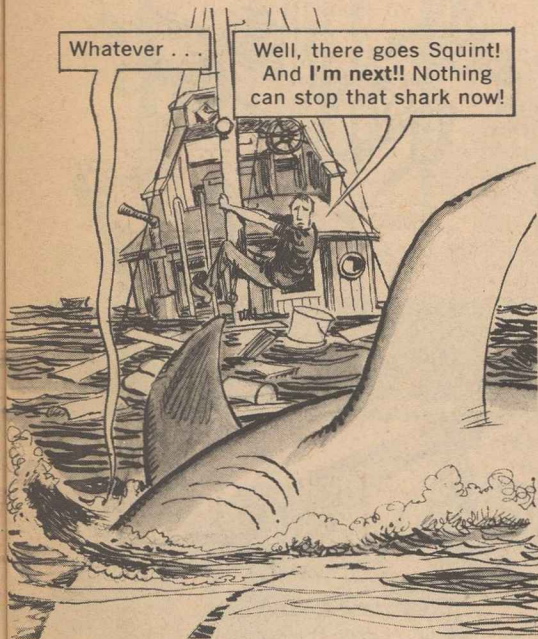
Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!

Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE ... !!

Uggh ... Ooooh ... POOF ...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is that?

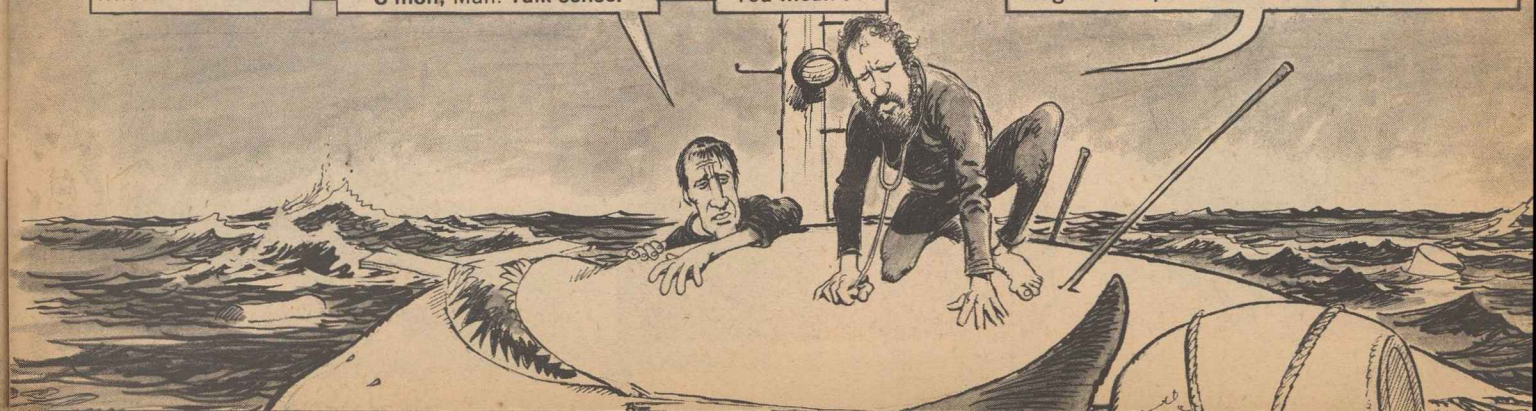
It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater ... and he destroyed my cage ... and there I was, swimming around, helpless ... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage ...

You mean ...

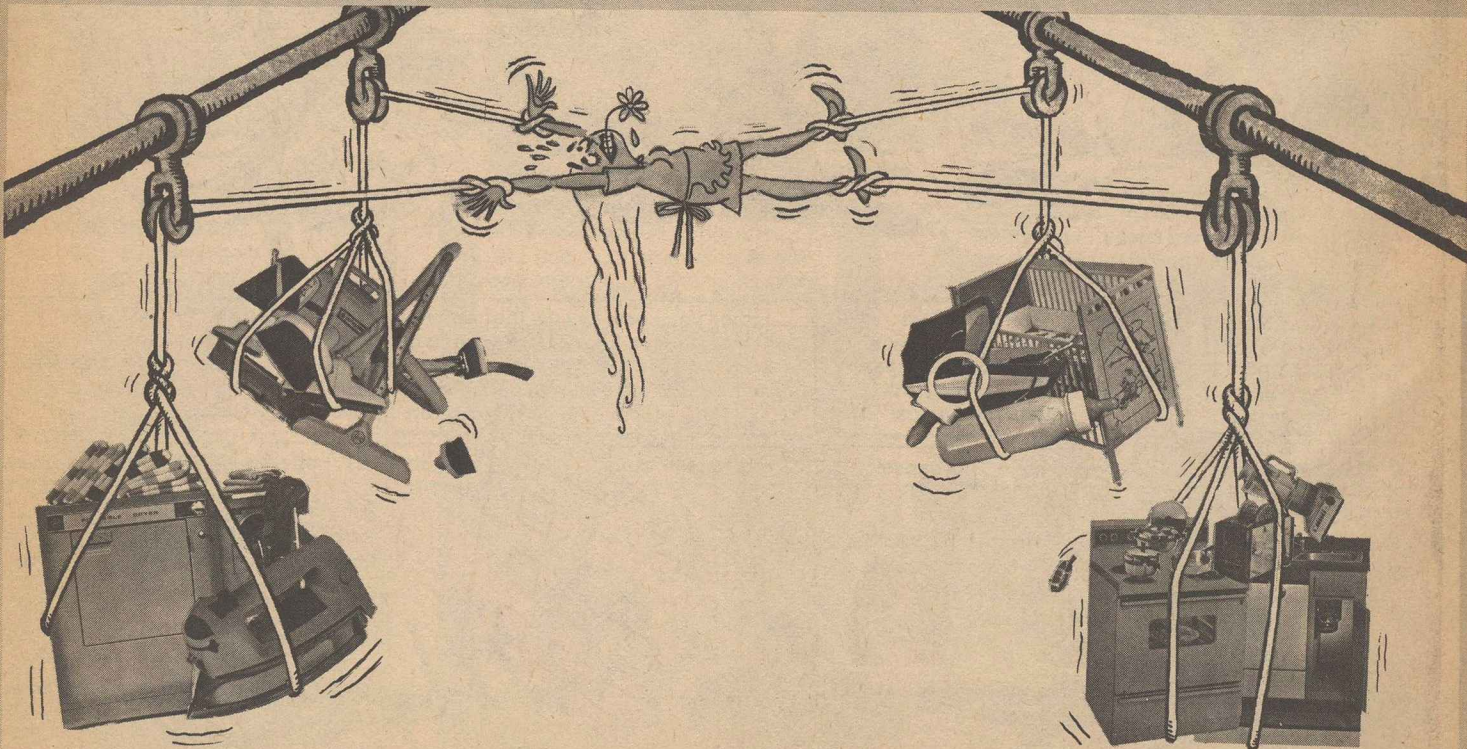
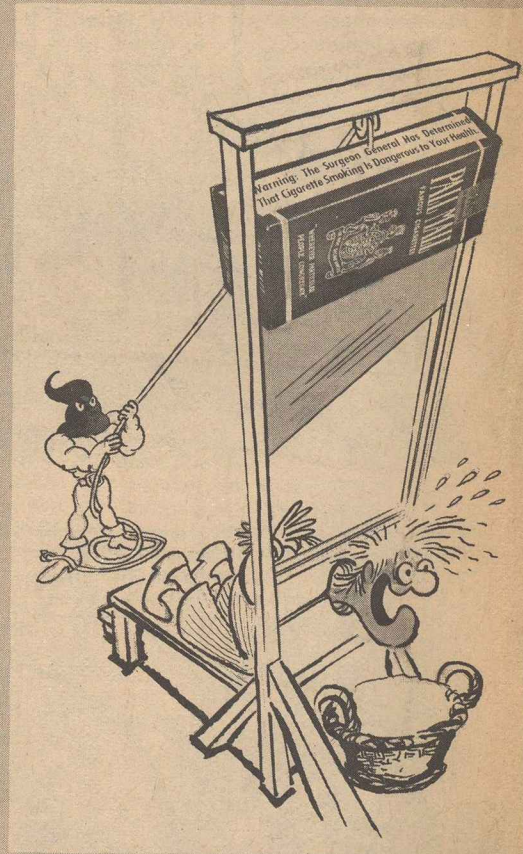
Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!



DECLARATION OF HUMAN FRIGHTS DEPT.

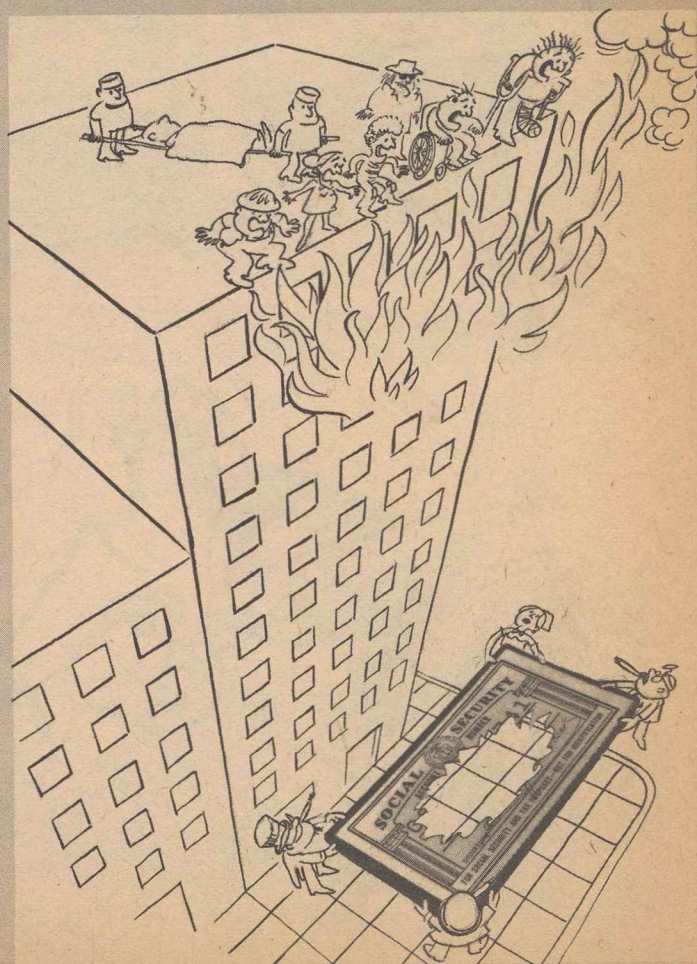
A MAD
PORTFOLIO OF...

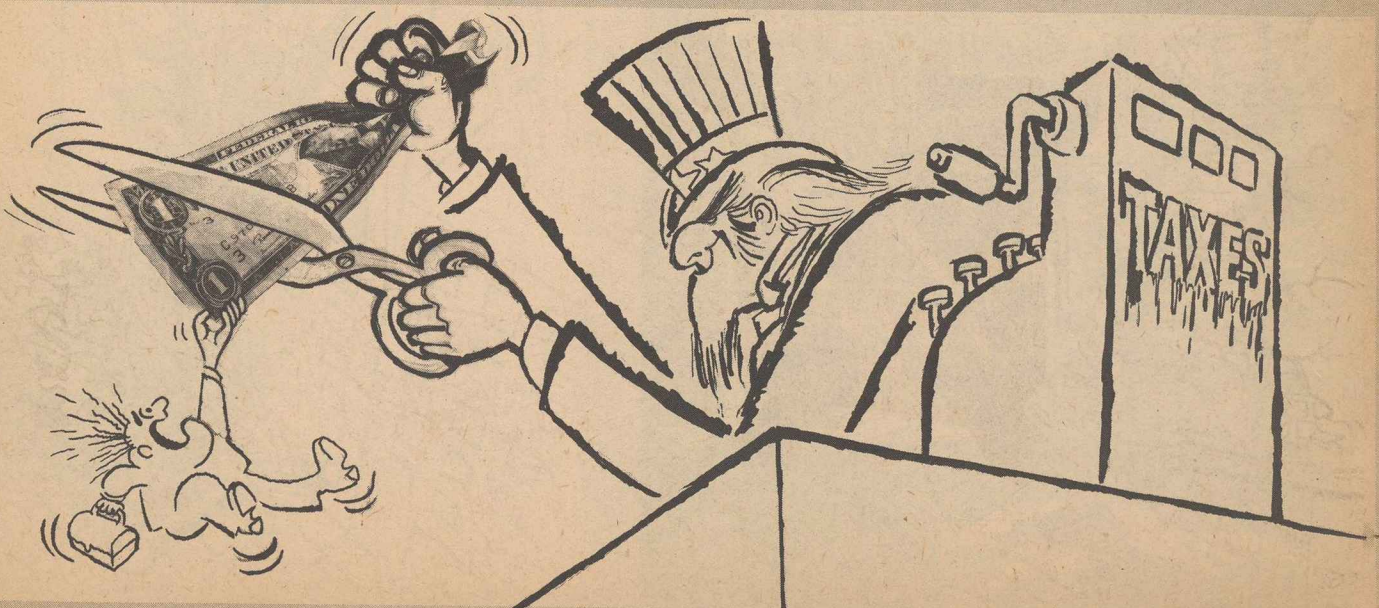
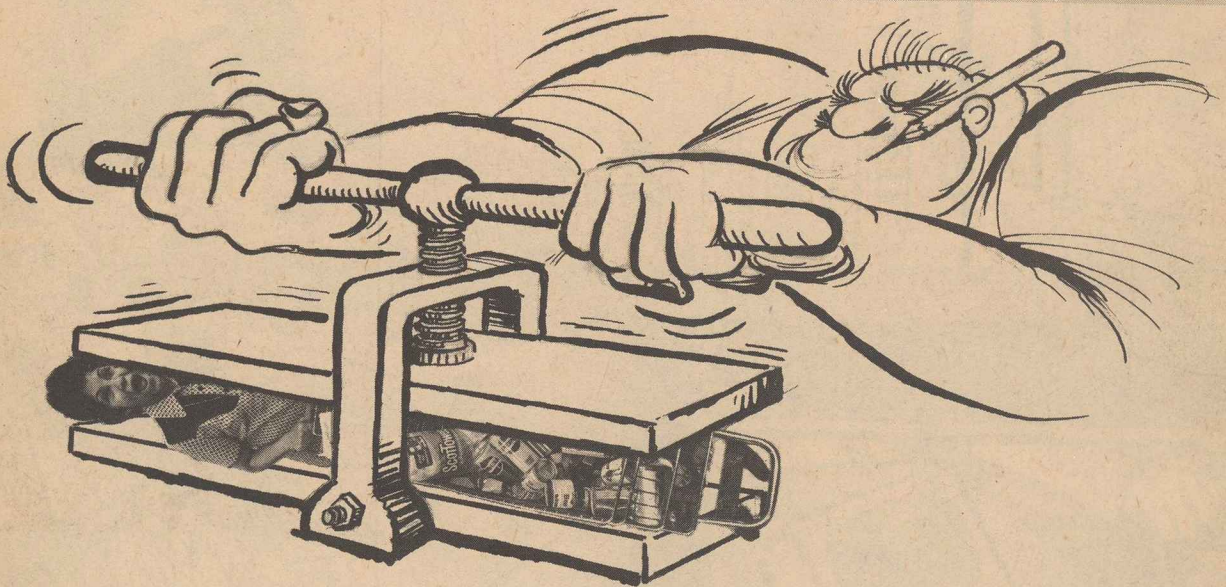
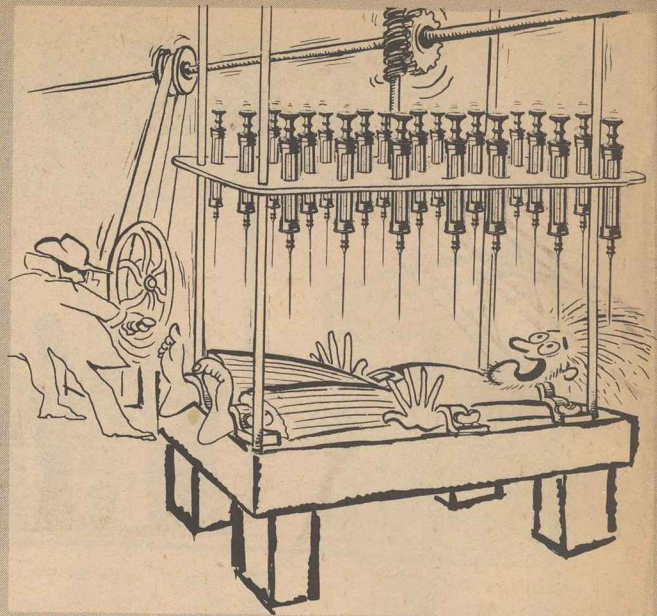
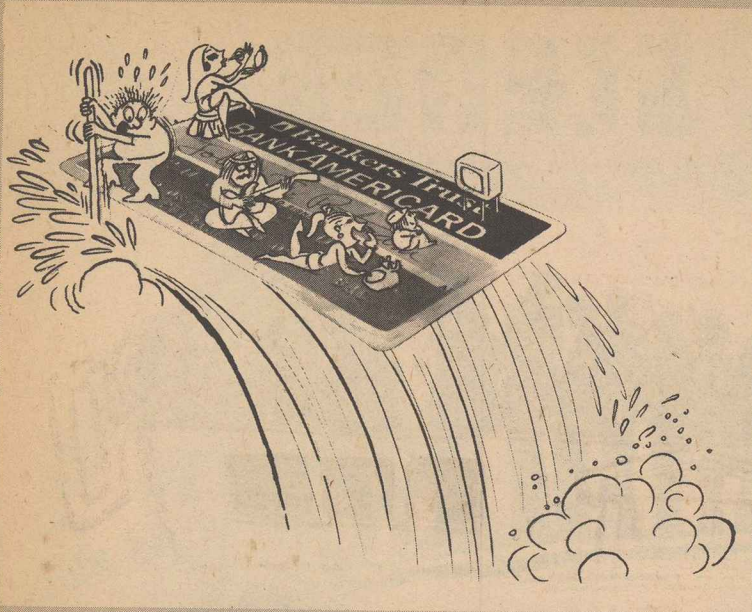
CONTEMPORA

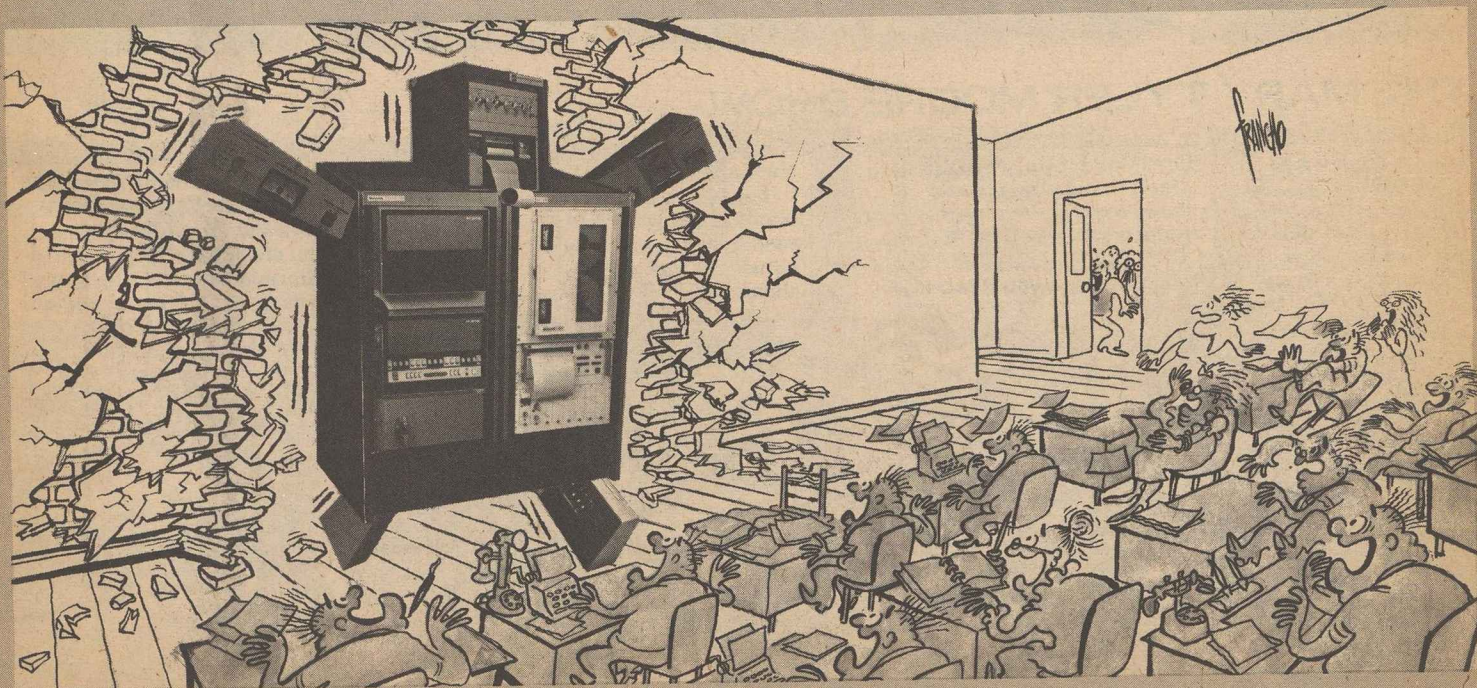
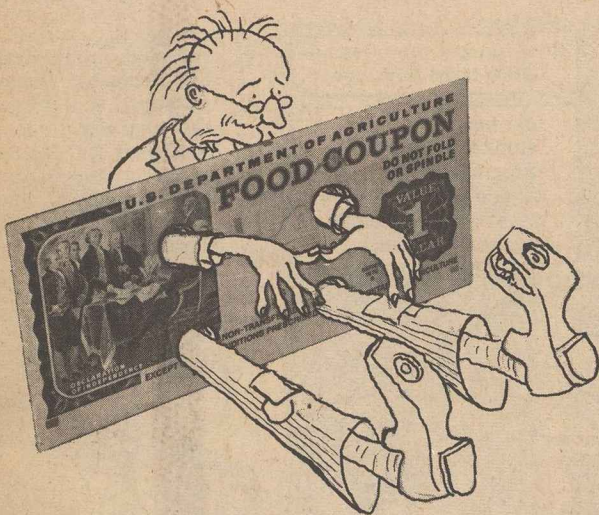
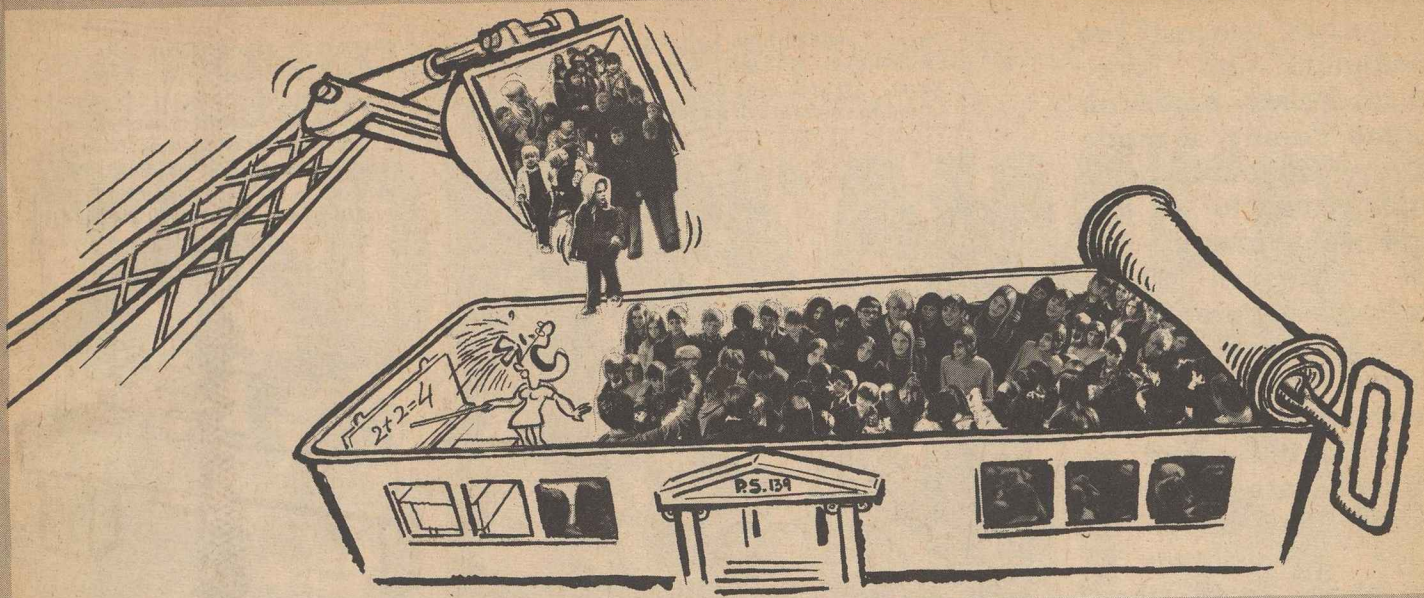


RY HORROR SCENES

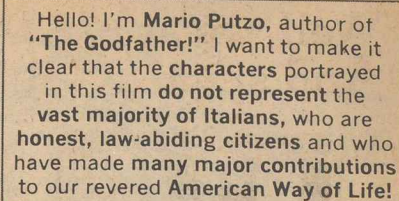
ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI







When NBC telecast "The Godfather"—the story of an Italian-American Crime Family, it made many announcements apologizing to all the Italian-Americans in the audience! These apologies were made before the show... at station breaks... and between commercials... until it seemed as if there were almost as many "Disclaimers" as there were killings in the movie itself! Like—



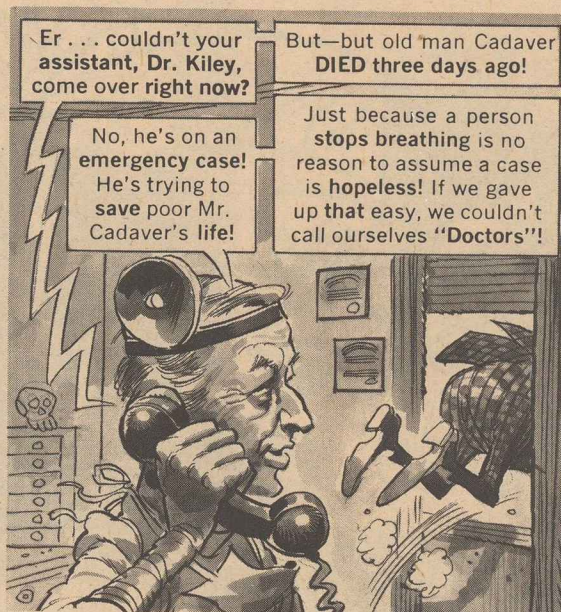
Tell me, the truth, Dr. Welby! Is it the—

I'm afraid so! But don't worry! I'll tell your wife that it's possible to get it off a public toilet seat!

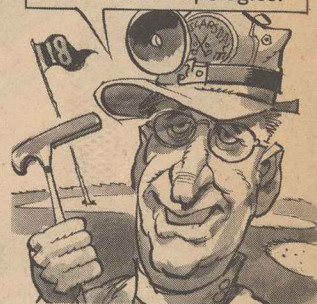
Welby, here!

Doctor, can you come over right away? Mother is having one of her headaches!

I'll be there in a jiffy! Just as soon as I finish here in my Free Clinic!



The kind, humanitarian and **dedicated Doctors** portrayed in this show are in no way meant to represent real **Doctors** practicing medicine in this country! If any members of the **AMA** who are **watching** rather than **making house calls** find this program **offensive**, we offer our **apologies!**

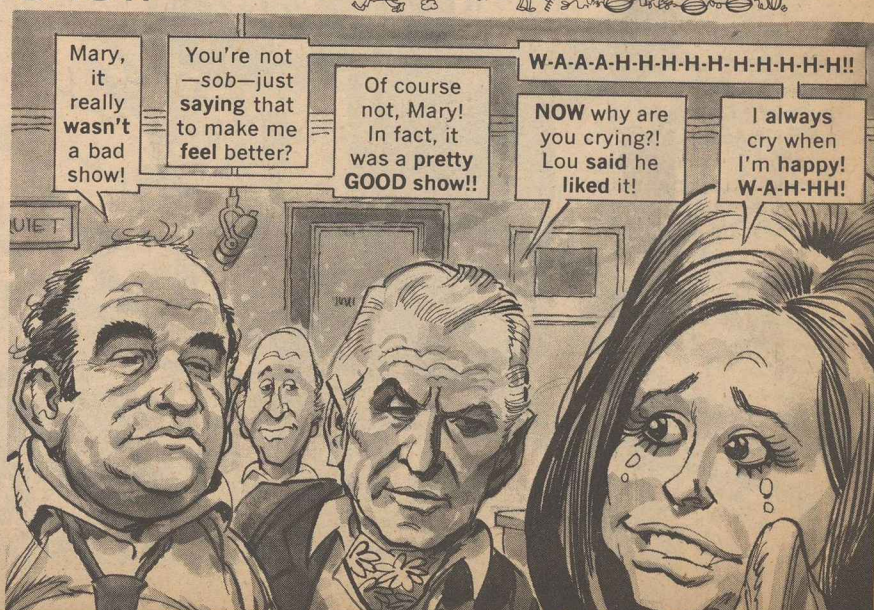


W-a-a-h-h-h-h-h-h!

Gee, Mary! Just because I didn't like the show is no reason to cry!

Sure, Mary! It wasn't **YOUR** fault that it was a lousy show! Why, you're only the Producer! Murray **WROTE** it!

Yeah, and **you READ** it!



Well, we at MAD think that these "Disclaimers" are a great idea! And since every TV show insults some group or other, here are...

TV DISCLAIMERS We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

RHODA



The Network would like to assure its viewers that ... unlike the caricature portrayed in this series ... most Jewish Mothers are intelligent, rational, people, many of whom don't even LIKE Chicken Soup!



SANFORD AND SON

The Female Producer shown in this series in no way bears any resemblance to the millions of women engaged in various business careers! In fact, surveys have shown that women in business do not cry any more than men do!



Hi, Son! How d'you like my new TV set?

I bought it off Leroy The Looter!

What'd you do—steal it!??

Well, Leroy stole it, so you're as guilty as he is!

Le'me explain somethin' t' you, Son! Lootin' ain't STEALIN'! It's—uh—TAKIN' somethin' that's sittin' in the window of a Whitey store, just ASKIN' t' be taken!



The vast majority of Black Americans are basically honest, industrious people! The characters portrayed in "Sanford and Son" are not intended to represent them ... only to help them work off some of their well-founded hostilities!



PETROCELLI

If we'd only get one client who could pay a fee, we'd be able to buy these bricks by the truckload instead of one at a time!

Your name Petrocelli? I need a Lawyer! I'm a rich man, so you can name your own price!

Why do you want ME as your lawyer? I heard you were the best and I always buy the best!

Go get yourself somebody else, Mister, I'm not for sale!



I'm in bad trouble and I need a Lawyer, Mr. Petrocelli! Only I ain't got no money!

Don't worry about it! I'll take your case!

Hey, where you goin'?

Forget it! Any Lawyer that'd turn down a rich client for a charity case can't be much good!



The Lawyer in this show is depicted as honest, hardworking and more interested in a client's welfare than his money! This in no way is meant to reflect on members of the Legal Profession in this country, and we apologize to any Lawyers who might be offended! Deliver subpoenas for Defamation of Character suits to Room 32, NBC!



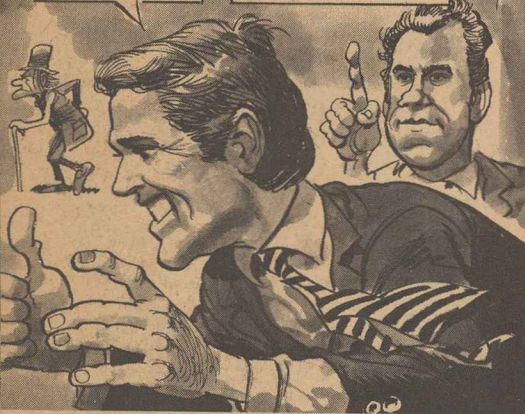
MacMILLAN AND WIFE

Commissioner, I've got to talk to you!

But, Sir! Your Wife has been kidnapped again, and they want a big ransom!! Are you going to pay it?

Not now! I just saw that man jaywalk!

I don't think I'll HAVE to, Sergeant!



Boy, I wouldn't want to be in YOUR shoes! You guys are in trouble! My Husband is the Police Commissioner, and he doesn't like people to kidnap his wife! Besides, you're making me miss the Annual Charity Bazaar! And I forgot to tell the Maid to lay out the Commissioner's tuxedo! Oh, gosh! Can I make one phone call? I must make an appointment with my hairdresser!

Hey... we gotta dump this broad!

But what about the ransom???

Are you kidding?! Who's gonna pay any bread for THIS birdbrain?! We'll probably have to pay her old man to take her back from us!



THE JEFFERSONS

LOUISE!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING???

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING???

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE WASHING DISHES AND I WON'T HAVE ANY WIFE OF MINE DOING DOMESTIC WORK... IS THAT CLEAR???



IT'S CLEAR TO ME, GEORGE... AND IT'S CLEAR TO EVERYBODY IN THIS BUILDING! YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH!!

Listen, Lionel... we'd better leave! Your folks seem to be having an argument!

No, that's just their normal conversation! When they have an argument... then you really hear screaming!



The constantly fighting married couple in this series does not typify the millions of married couples in this country, some of whom are actually happy and speak in conversational tones! When watching this show, turn down the sound so as not to disturb your neighbor... who may be asleep in the next chair!



HAPPY DAYS



Hey, guys! My folks are goin' out tonight and they won't be home until **Midnight!** How about a party?

Wow! We're gonna have us a ball!

Yeah! I'll bring the 3.2 beer!

Solid! We can look at some wild pictures of **NUDES** in the National Geographic!

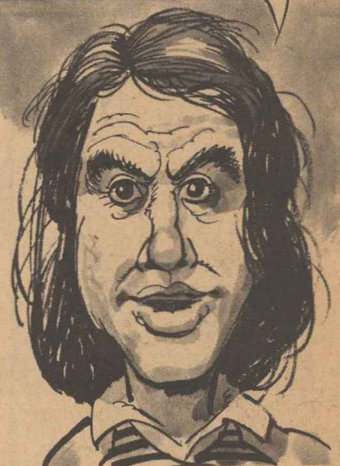
Hey, why not invite some real **CHICKS** to the party?!

Crazy, Jackson! **Crazy!**

Hubba, hubba!

Gee! Y'think girls would **LIKE** looking at pictures of **nudes** in the National Geographic?!

The over-aged, over-sexed, immature, naive youngsters shown in this series are not intended to represent the normal teenagers of the '50's . . . or any **OTHER** years, for that matter!



THE BOB NEWHART SHOW

The Network would like to assure you that the **Police Commissioner** portrayed in this show is in no way representative of the many **dedicated, intelligent Police Commissioners** in this country . . . and we'd also like to apologize to all the women who are married to public officials! In fact, we would like to apologize to **ALL WOMEN** for the character of the **Commissioner's Wife** on this show!



Was that a patient calling?

No, Bob, it was a wrong number!

Well, you **COULD** have asked if they needed **psychological help!** After all, dialing a wrong number could be symptomatic of a mental disorder!



The **Psychologist** depicted in this series is not intended to represent the overwhelming majority of **Shrinks** who are **wealthy, successful people** that can afford to have their own **Private Secretaries** and do not have to share them with others!



ALL IN THE FAMILY

What a day! I'm tellin' you, I don't know what this country's comin' to! All the seats in the subway was taken by **Spics, Yids, Coloreds** and **Eyetalians!** An' me . . . a hunnert percent taxpayin' **American** . . . had t' stand!!

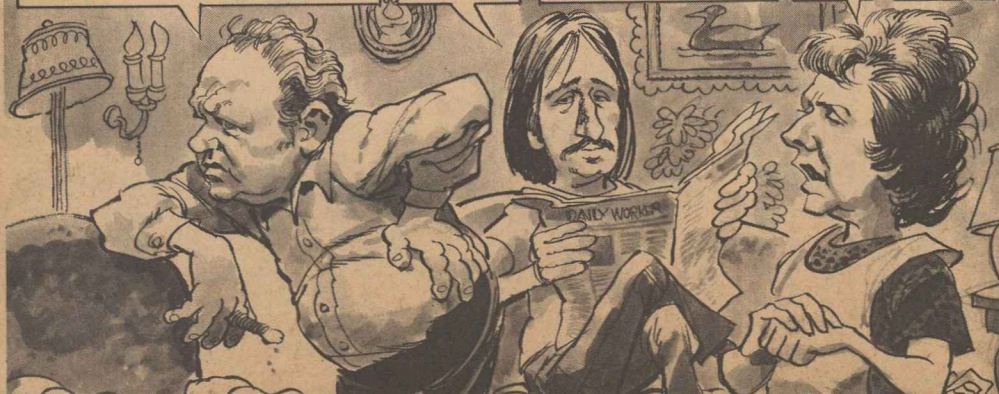
Archie, if pure ignorance were gold, you would be rich!

Hey, Meathead! That reminds me! I heard a **good joke** today! You know how to play **Polish Roulette** . . . ?

You use six bullets!

I don't get the joke, **Archie!**

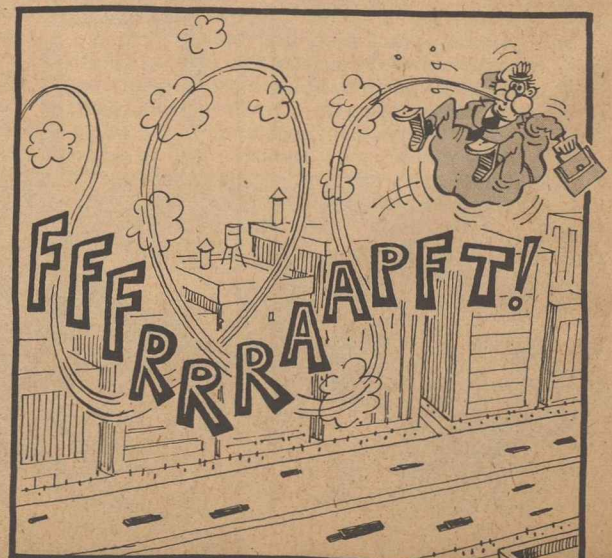
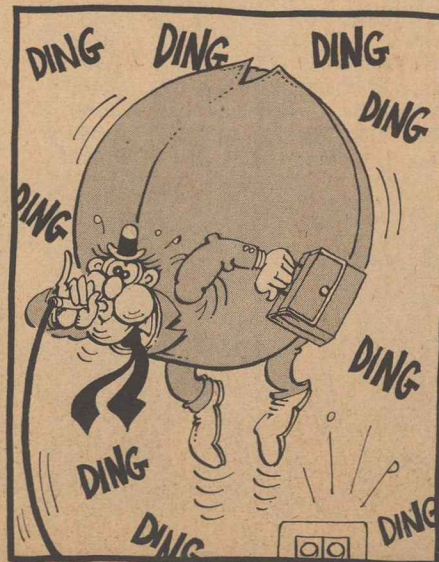
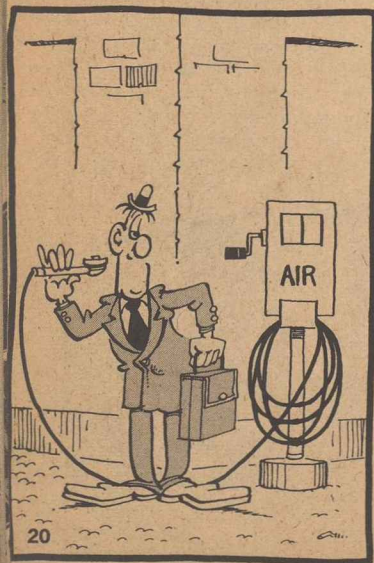
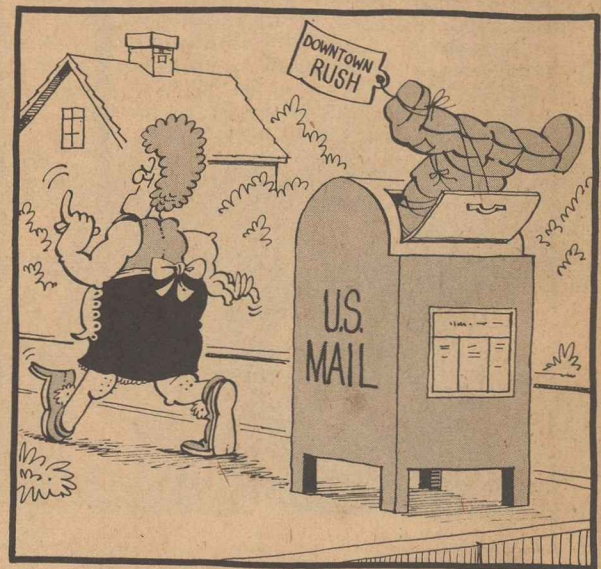
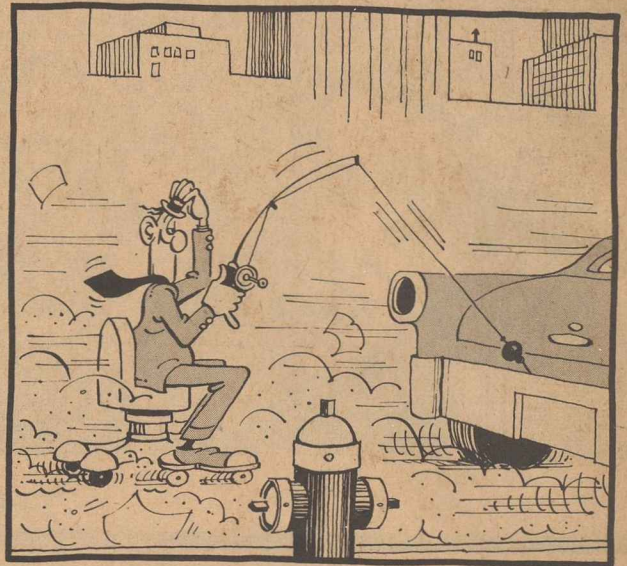
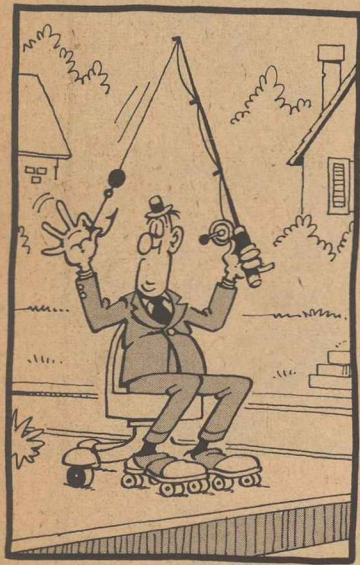
That's 'cause you ain't a **Polack!** You're a **Dingbat!**



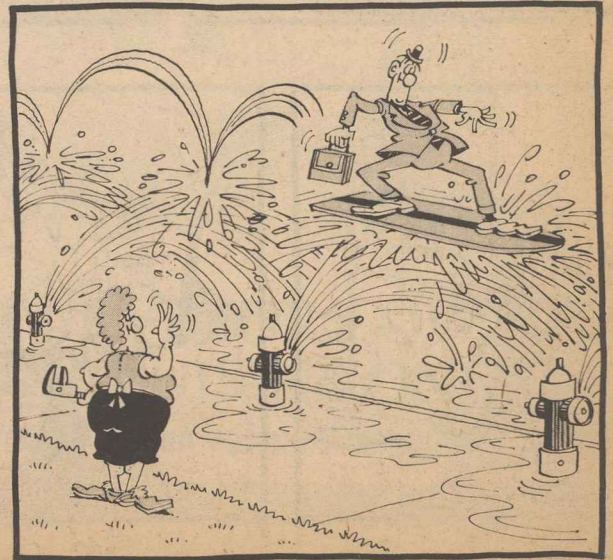
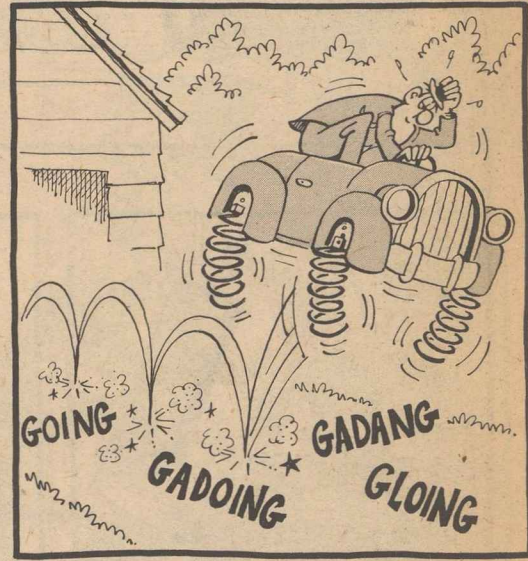
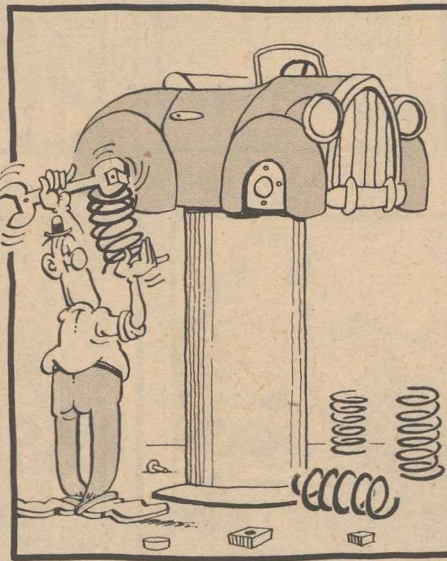
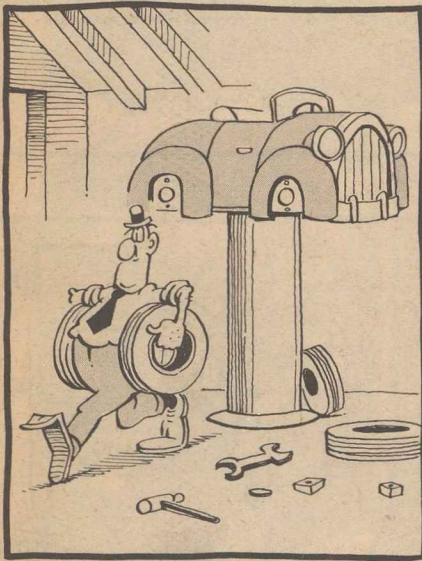
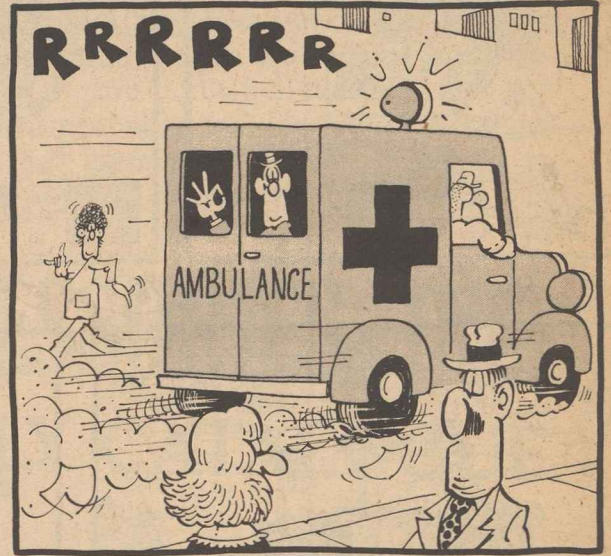
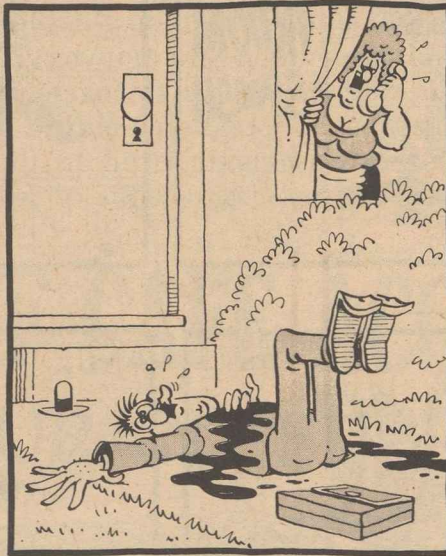
We'd like to apologize to any **bigots** who may be offended by this program! Most bigots are not uncouth slobs like **Archie Bunker!** Indeed, many of our worst bigots are **educated people** holding very high positions in **business and government!**

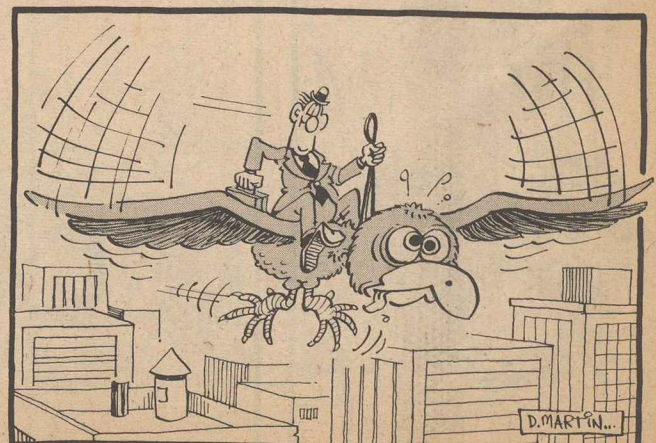
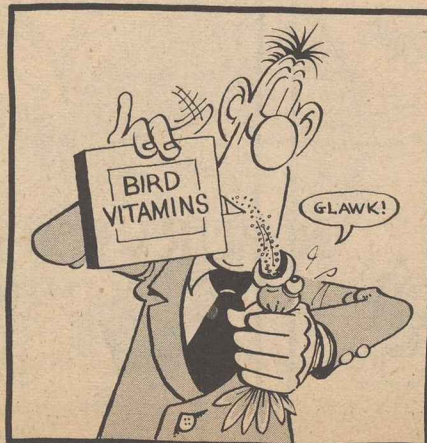
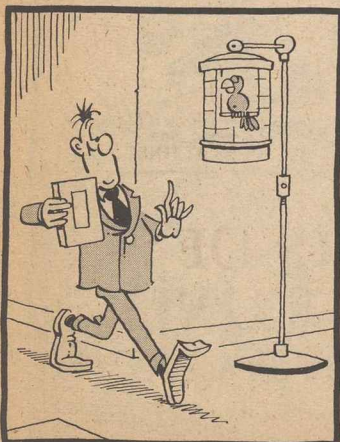
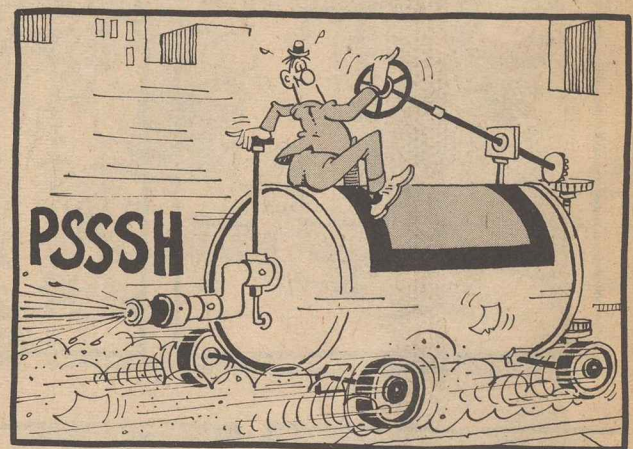
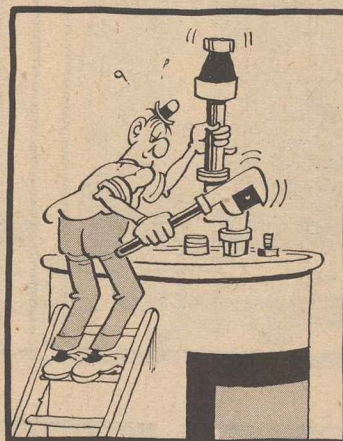
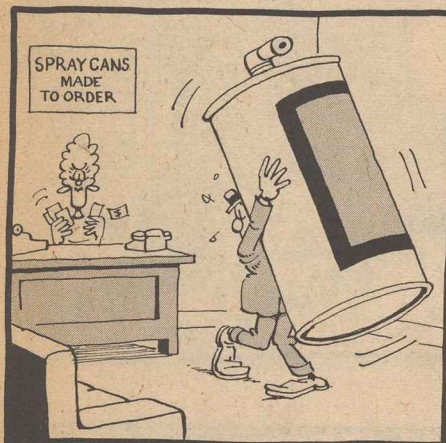
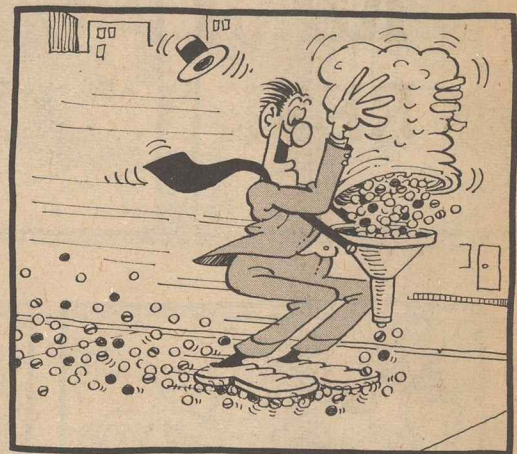
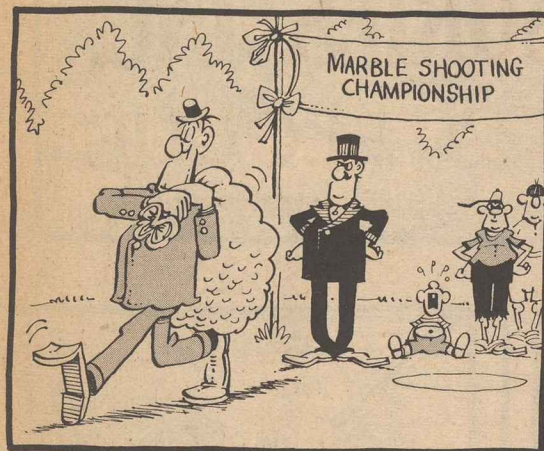
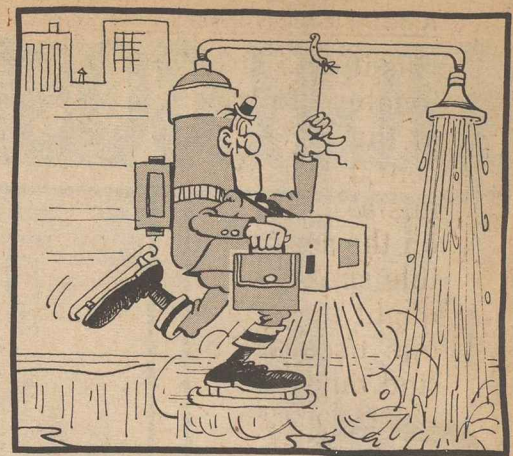
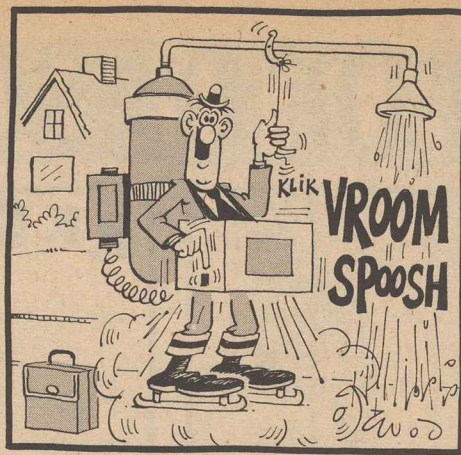
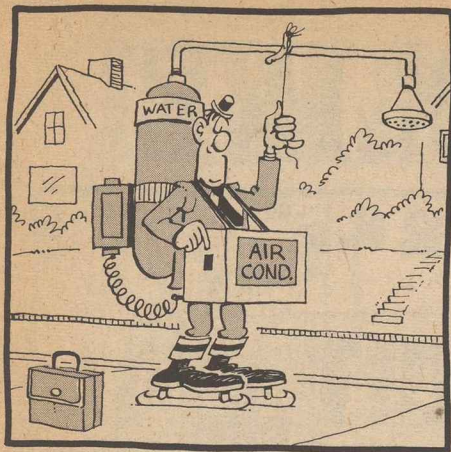


DON MARTIN BEATS THE



HIGH COST OF GASOLINE





AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

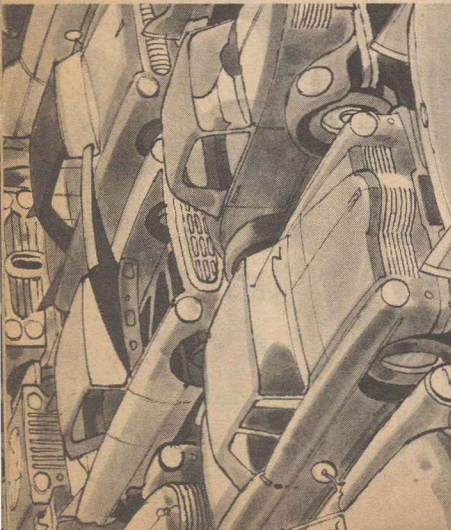
Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

RIPOFF CAFE ACCESSORIES, INC. RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR PURVEYORS OF GOURMET CUISINE ONLY

Sales To The Common Rabble Forbidden



FILL YOUR PARKING LOT with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS

\$695.00 doz.
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Convoirs)

DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans).....\$11.50 doz.

(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese.)

TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS.....\$61.75 gross

PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all depicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

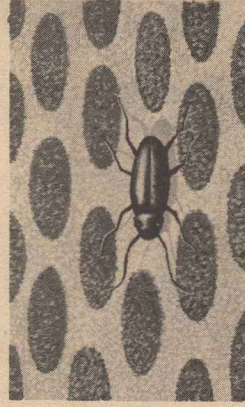
4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES.....\$9.75 doz.

4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS.....\$47.50 doz.



PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientèle printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK.....\$11.95



COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING.....\$14.50 per square yd.



TINY DINING TABLES let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

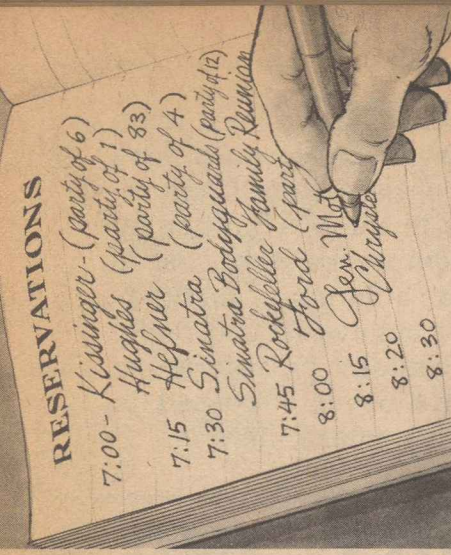
1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES

1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES.....\$49.95 pr.



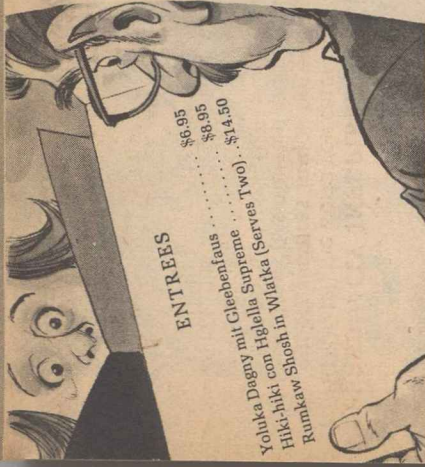
STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke.

23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS.....\$3.50 doz.



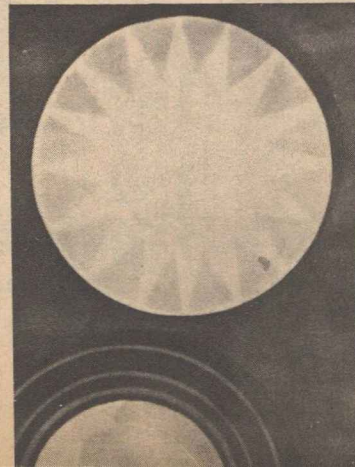
RESERVATIONS

7:00 - Kissinger - (party of 6)
Hughes (party of 1)
7:15 Helper (party of 83)
7:30 Sinatra Bodyguards (party of 12)
Sinatra Bodyguards Family Roman
7:45 Rockefeller Family Roman
8:00 Ford (party of 4)
8:15 Gen. Mac
8:20 Chrysler
8:30



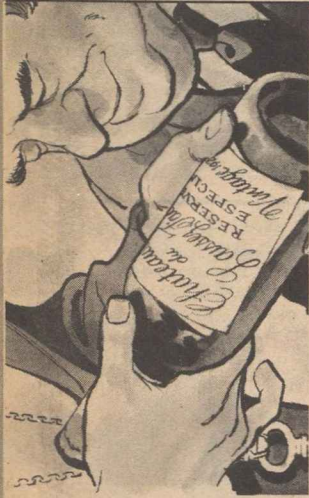
MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.

44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS.....\$15.25 doz.



OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.

47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES.....\$17.50 doz.



IMPORTED WINE LABELS cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.

5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS.....\$6.50 per gross

5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS.....\$3.75 per gross

5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS.....69¢ per gross



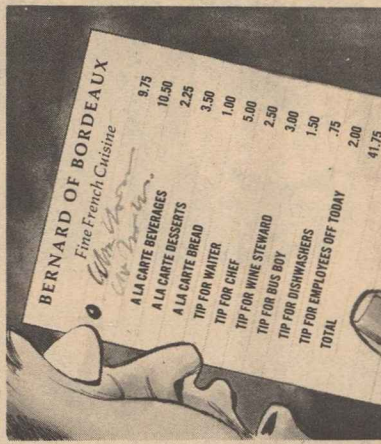
STOP WASTING MONEY on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Likelike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)

5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH.....\$8.49 qt.



GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH helps justify your \$4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crepes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handsomely packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)

56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH \$24.95



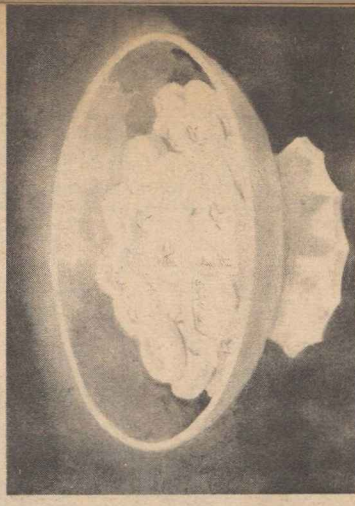
PRE-ADDED CHECKS eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.

12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS.....\$75 per 1,000



SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at \$1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.

4866—SUDDY SWEETS....\$4.75 doz.



BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS. Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.

38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS.....\$2.69 lb.

When I was growing up, we lived in an upper-middle-class neighborhood! But I was the "poor kid" on the block and I wasn't accepted!

So I left! And after years of hard work, I made good! I became rich and famous!

Then, one day, I went back to my old neighborhood in my big Cadillac and fancy clothes . . . just to SHOW THEM! But you know what? I STILL wasn't accepted!

Today, it's a Black Ghetto!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

GH

Son, I have bad news! My company is moving me again to another branch office in another state!

Aw, gee! But . . . what about my FRIENDS?

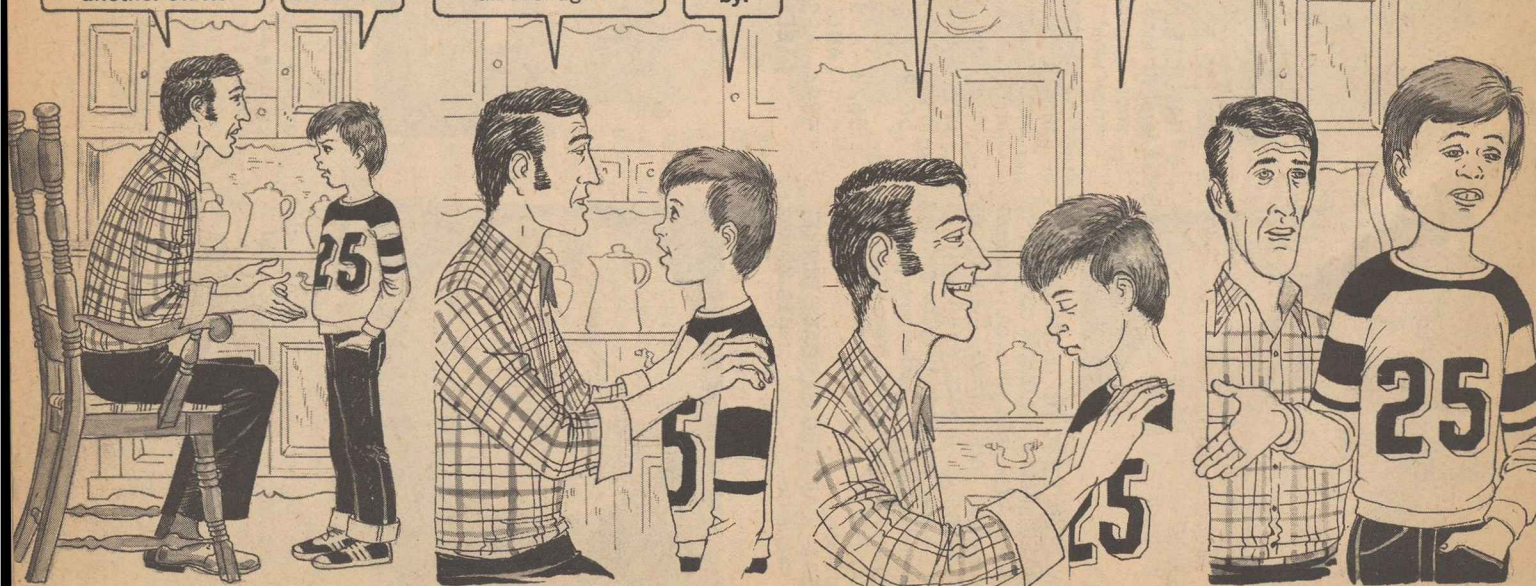
I know it's hard for you, Son! It's just as hard for your Mother and me to tear up roots and start all over again!

Good friends aren't easy to come by!

I know it's hard for you, Son! But you'll be able to make all NEW good friends where we're going!

I'm not so sure about that!

We . . . we weren't HERE long enough for me to make any!



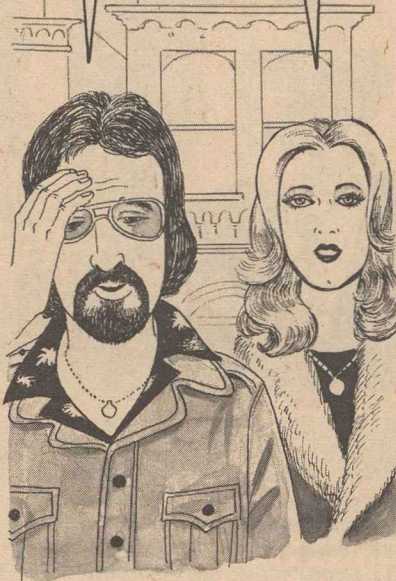
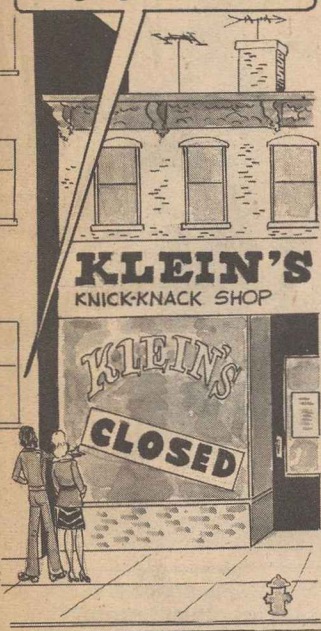
Will you look at that?!?
Another small shopkeeper
... going out of business!

From my earliest memory, there
was always "Klein's Knick-Knack
Shop"! It was a cornerstone
of the community! It gave the
neighborhood character and
color! And now ... it's gone!

It's so sad,
it almost
makes me
want to cry!

I can imagine how
you feel ... after
spending all those
happy hours there—

WHAT happy hours? Actually,
I never went into the place!



ANGLE

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

If you're such a
make-but artist,
le'me see you
score with that
chick over there!

Okay!
Stand
back and
watch me
operate!

Hi, Sister!
You're cute!

Oh ...
bless you!

What's the
matter,
Tony? You
look pale!

Yeah, Tony! How
come you didn't
make it with
that chick?

Because ... gulp ...
she really IS a Sister!



I have a **BIG** complaint, and I want to see a **BIG SHOT**!

What is the nature of your complaint?

Women and Blacks are replacing men in important positions! That's discrimination in **REVERSE**!

In that case, you'll want to see Vice-President McGilla, in Room 2207!

Yes? What can I do for you?

Er... could you direct me to the nearest exit?

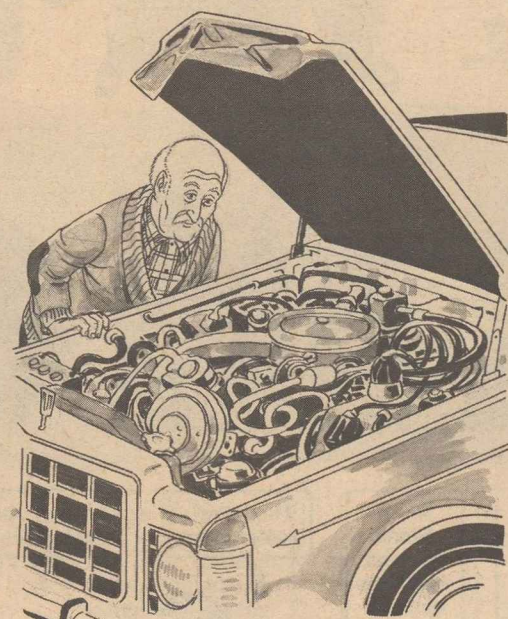


Gran'pa, my car doesn't sound right! Where's the nearest garage?

Right away, you have to go to a garage!?! What ever happened to simple American ingenuity?!?

When I was your age, and my car acted up, I'd open the hood, check the distributor and spark plugs, and in no time at all, it'd be working fine again! It's simple!

Gee, Gran'pa, would you look under **MY** hood...?



Two blocks north, then turn right! You'll find a good garage! It's very simple!

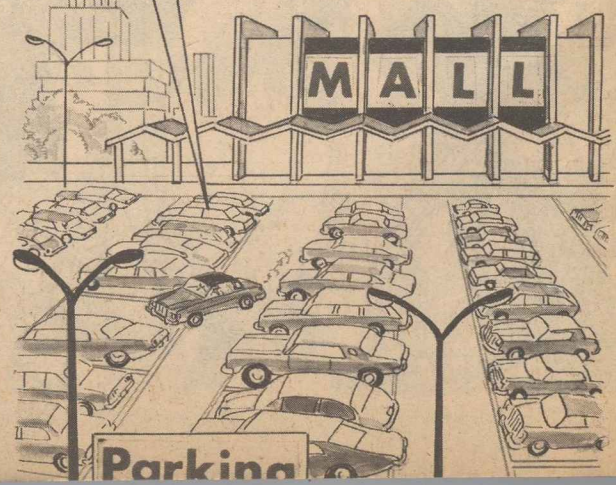


That old school of mine sure stirs up fond memories! The desks had ink wells in them! And I was the Ink Monitor! Today, you don't need things like that! Now, we have ball-point and felt-tipped pens!

Every time we get to this neighborhood, you always talk about your childhood Elementary School... but you never show it to me!

Okay! Look out the window!

The Principal's Office used to be where that blue Cadillac is parked... and the little Boy's Room was where that yellow Pinto is standing... and...



Hey, Sid!
I hear
you're
moving!

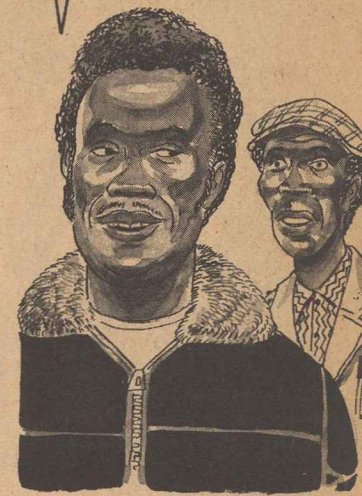
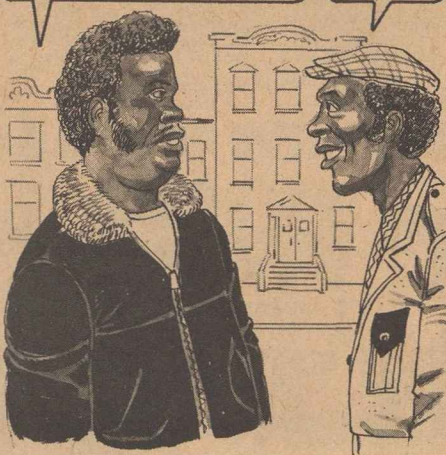
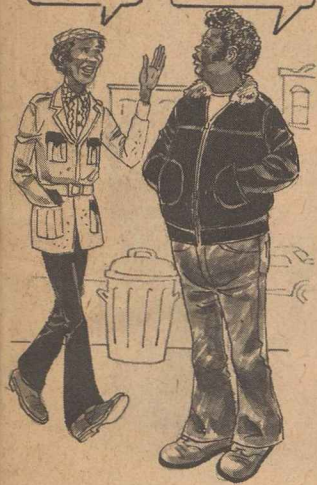
Yep! I want
my kids to
get a piece
of the pie!

And the only way they're
gonna get it is by being
EDUCATED! So I'm moving
to where they can go to
BETTER SCHOOLS!

Great!
So where
are you
moving
to?!!

The Rock Ridge Section . . .
**WHAT?!? That's a
terrible neighborhood!
It's worse than here!**

That's true! But when you
live there, your kids are
BUSSED to the best schools!



Well, that's the last of
our kids . . . married off!

Right! And finally, our
responsibilities are over!

No more fussing
over big family
meals! No more
washing and
ironing chores!
No more making
lots of beds!

No more sitting up,
waiting for them
to come home from
a late date! For
the first time in
twenty-five years,
we're free! **FREE!**

Yes! And now, I can't wait
for our first Grandchild
. . . so we can **BABY SIT!**



Roger Kaputnik!!
is that **YOU?!?**
You've **CHANGED!!**

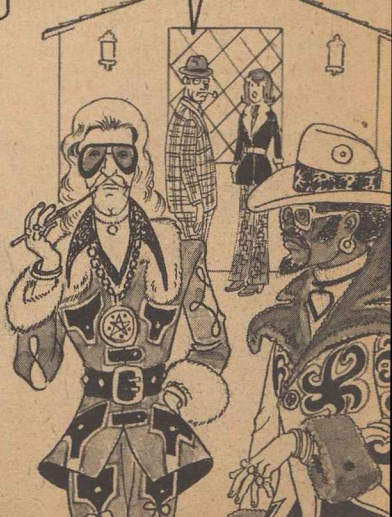
Really? Not
that I'm
aware of!

Sure! You always wore such drab
clothing! Now, you're wearing a
loud, flashy checked suit with
a pink shirt and a paisley tie!

So?

So you used to dress
ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE!
What happened . . . ?!?

Today, this **IS** conservative!



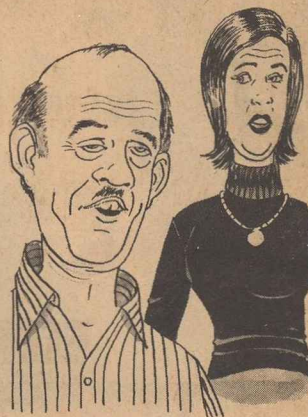
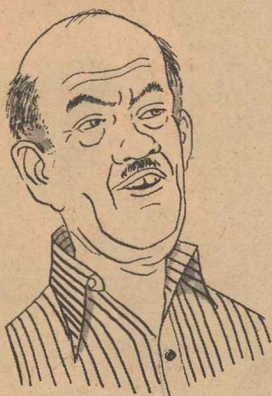
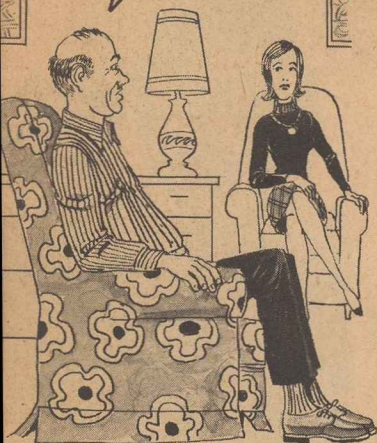
I can remember back when I didn't have to lock my car doors, and all my neighbors were really good neighbors!

Then, things began to change! Not only did I have to lock my car, but I had to install an **ALARM SYSTEM**!

Sure enough, one night, someone tried to break into my car which set off the alarm which started an ear-piercing racket that could be heard for blocks! But not **ONE** neighbor wanted to get involved! **NOBODY** tried to stop the crook!

Nothing!! I didn't want to get involved either!!

My gosh! What did you do?!!



Por favor, Señor? Habla usted Español?

Sorry, but I simply cannot understand you!

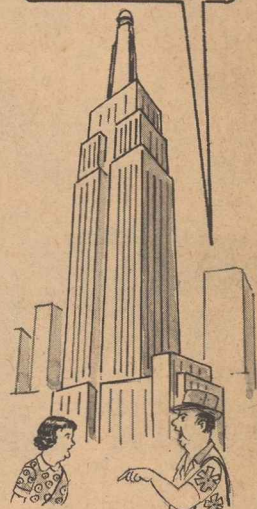
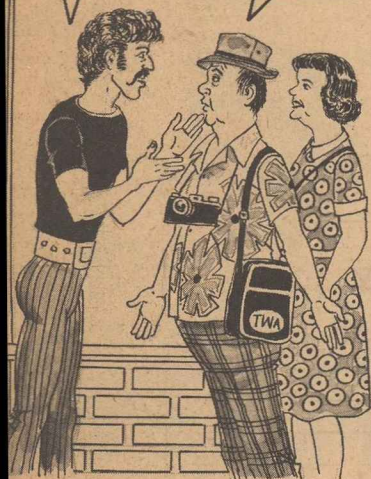
We should really make more of an effort to communicate with these locals . . . !

Ever since we arrived here as tourists, I've felt so stupid! Everybody speaks Spanish but me—even little kids!

When in Rome, do as the Romans do . . . !

But we're **NOT IN ROME!!**

THIS IS THE UNITED STATES!

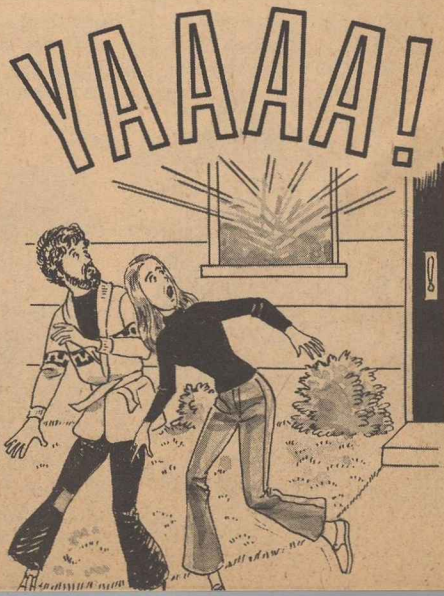
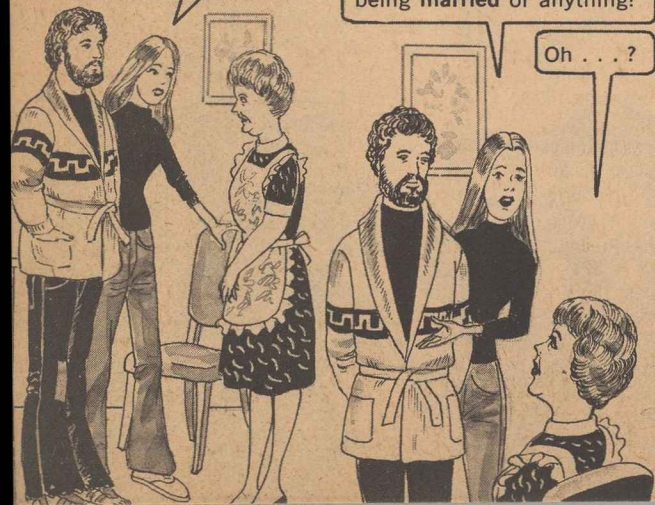


Mother, you'd better sit down! John and I have something to tell you!

For the past six months, John and I have been—uh—living together . . . without being married or anything!

Oh . . . ?

Considering what a strait-laced, puritanical square my Mother is, she took it rather well!



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Son of MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Good 'n' MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN's Captain Klutz | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD-Vertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Organization MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Hopping MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Cooks | <input type="checkbox"/> A MAD Look at TV |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Raving MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> Steaming MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> SPY vs. SPY Follow Up File | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD About Sports |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boiling MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD At You | <input type="checkbox"/> 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD's Talking Stamps |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Questionable MAD | <input type="checkbox"/> DON MARTIN Steps Out | <input type="checkbox"/> 4th MAD Classified SPY vs. SPY | <input type="checkbox"/> MAD Word Power |
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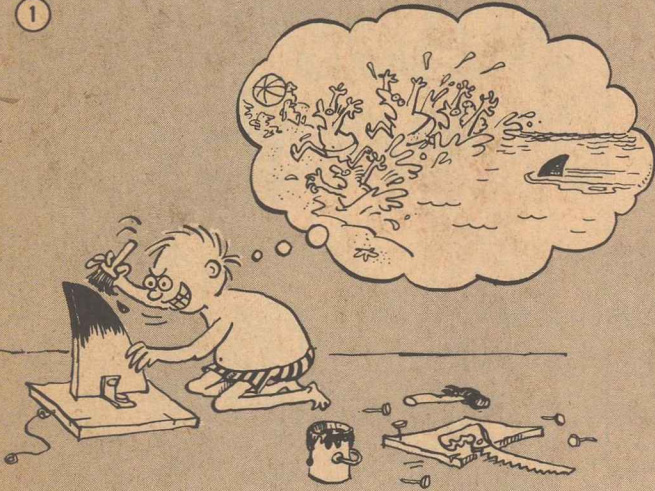
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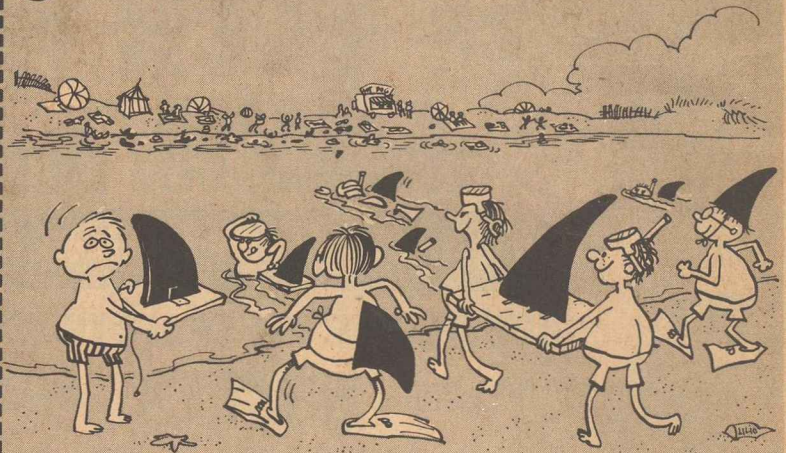
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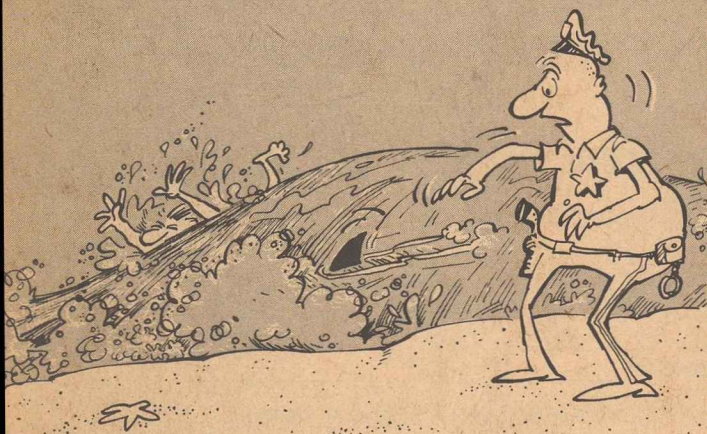
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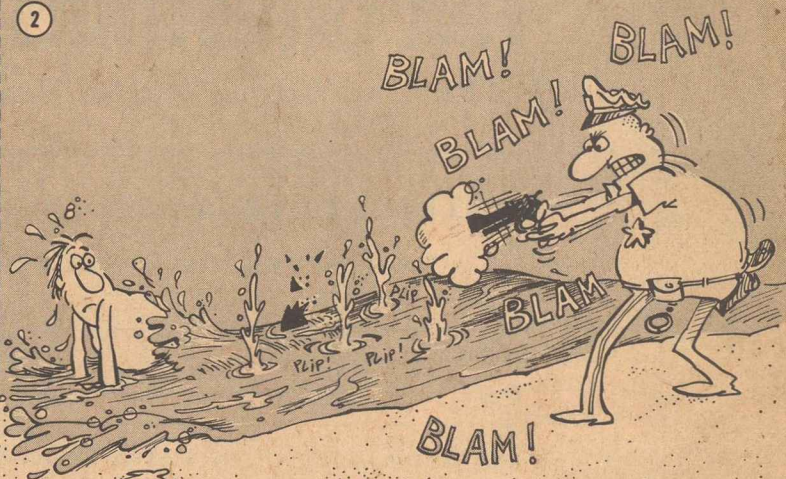
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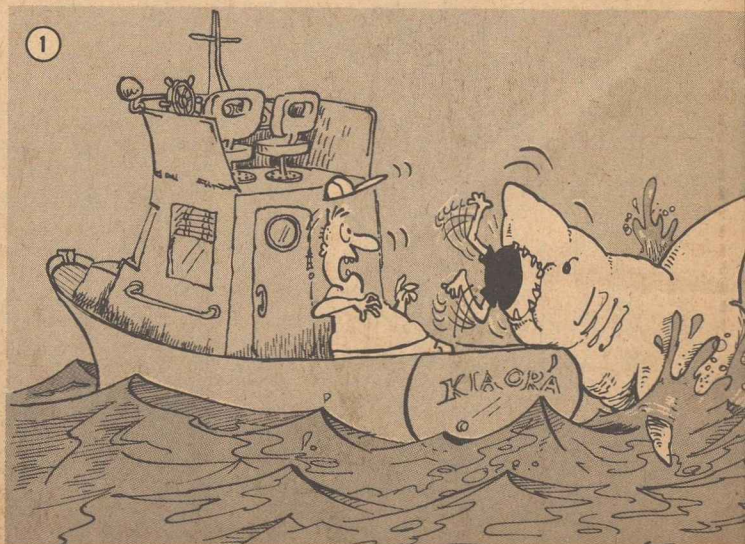
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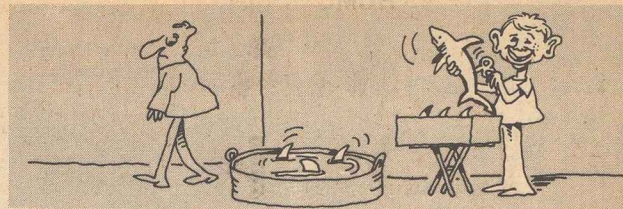
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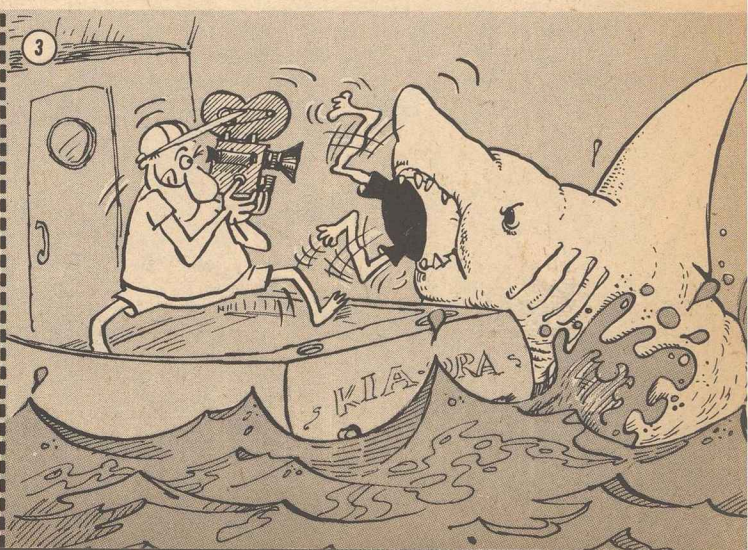
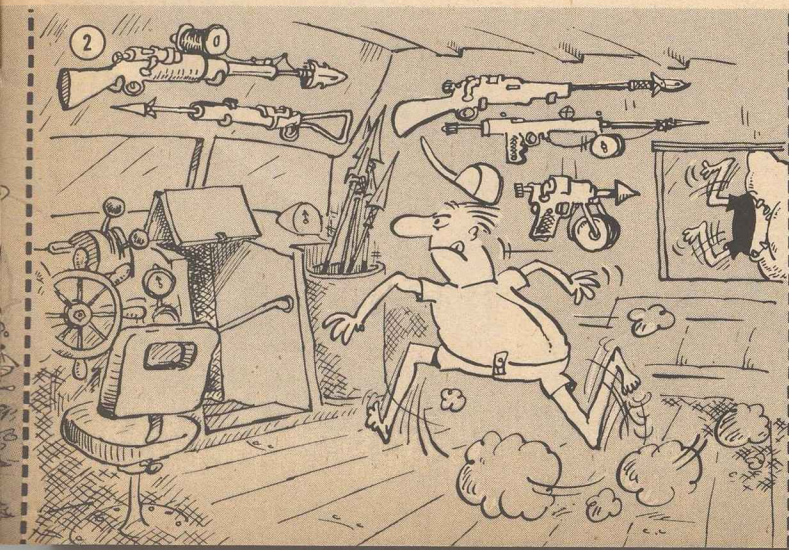
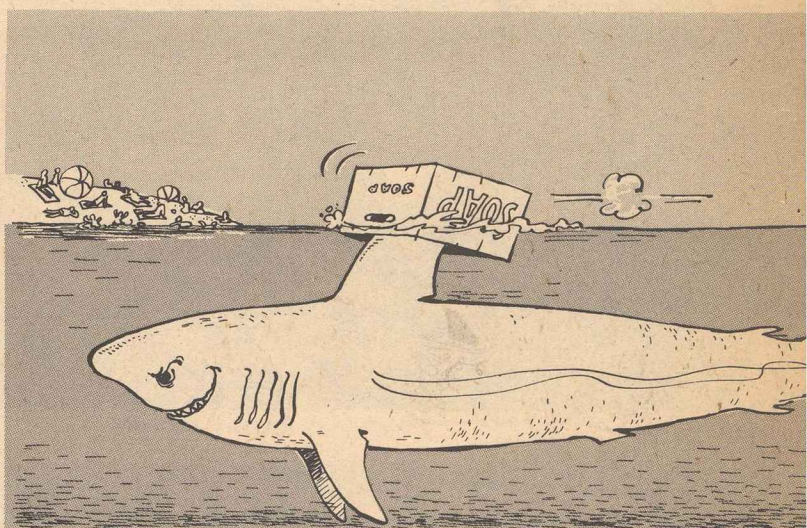
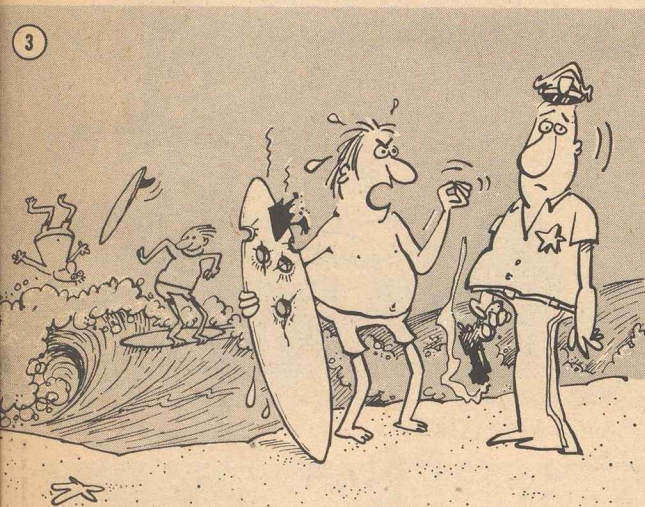
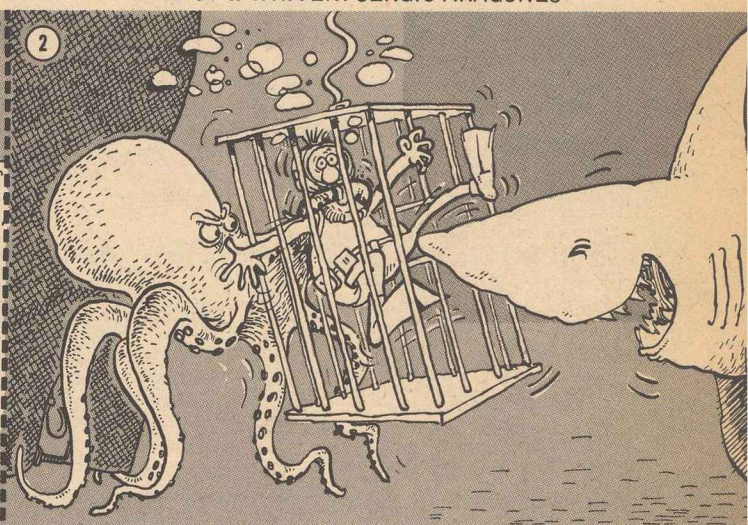
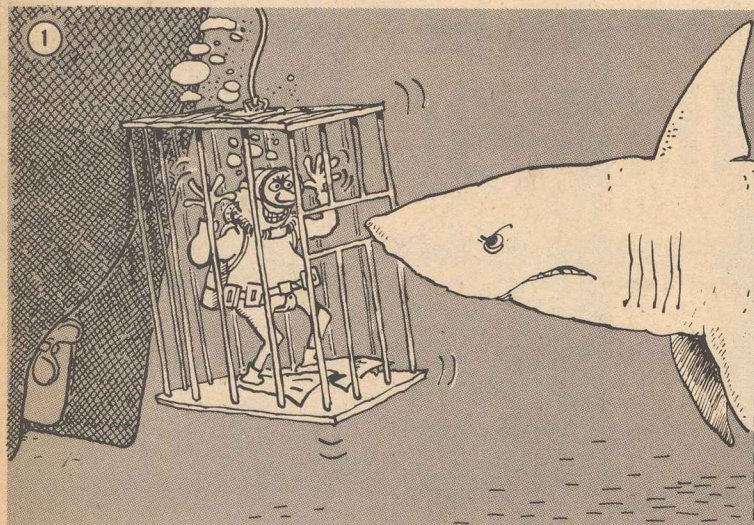
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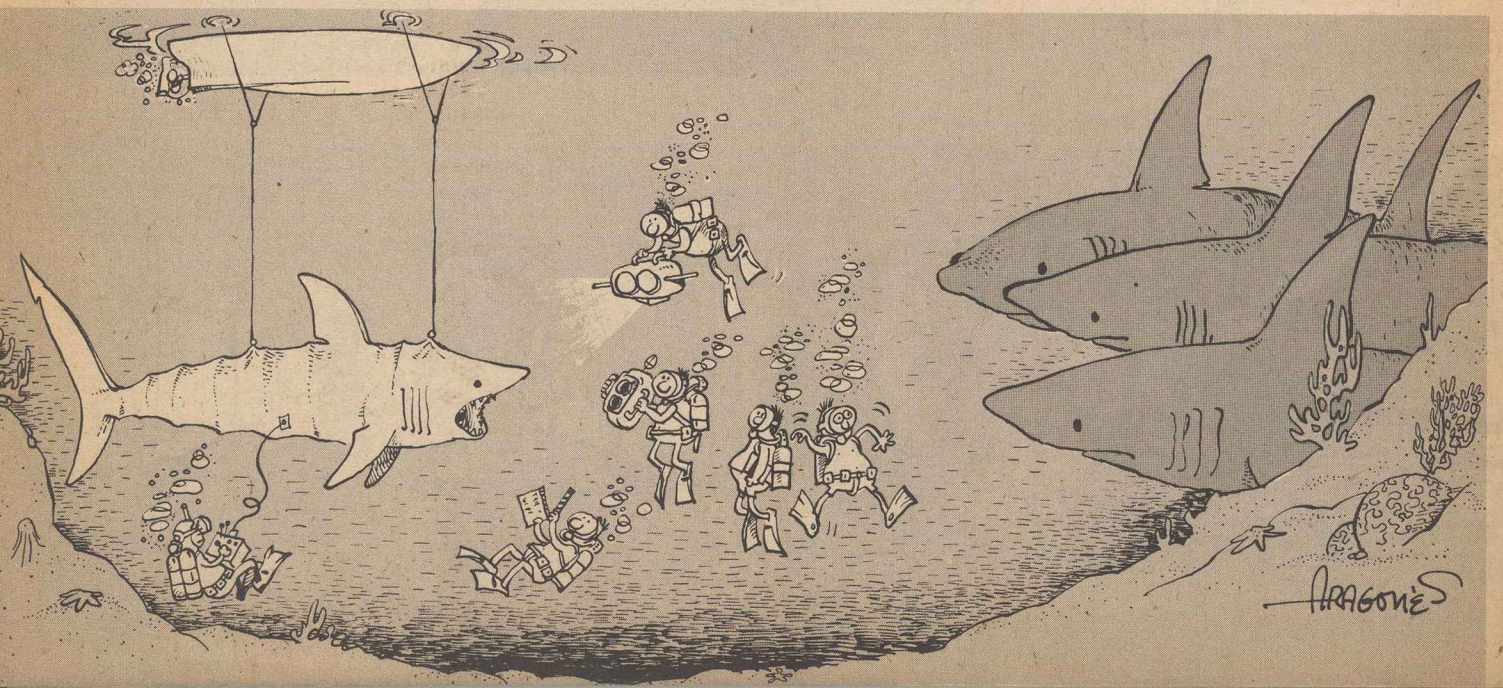
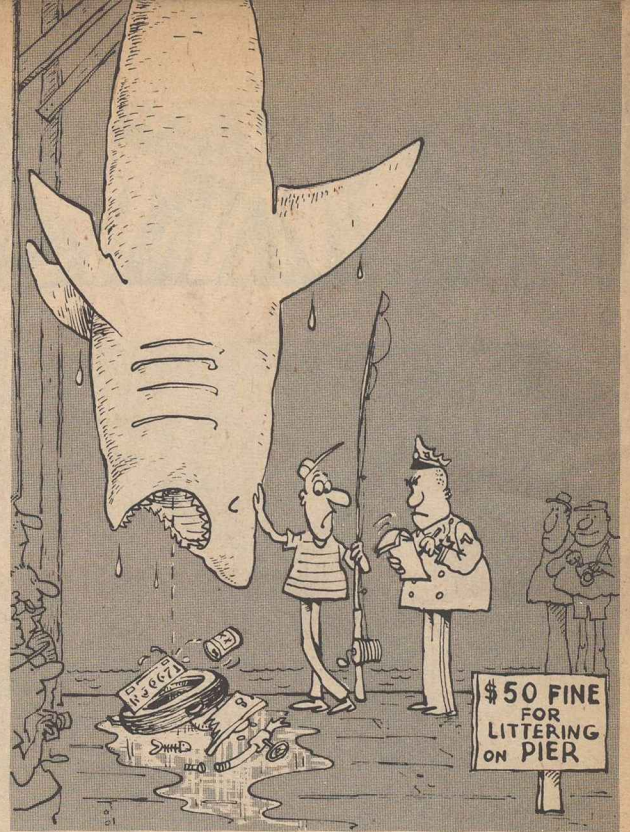
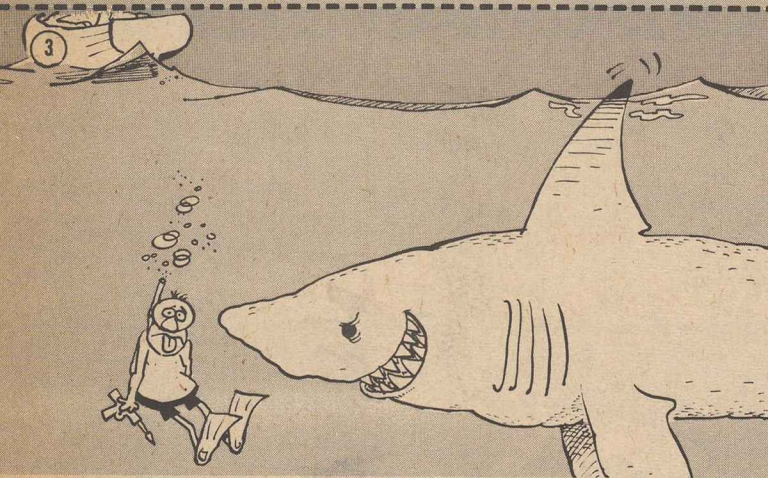
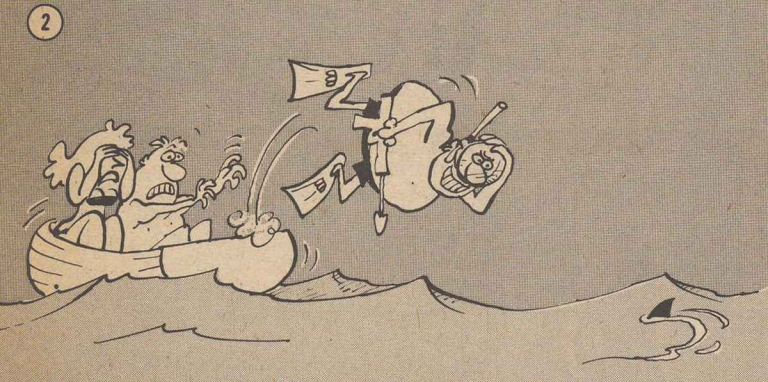
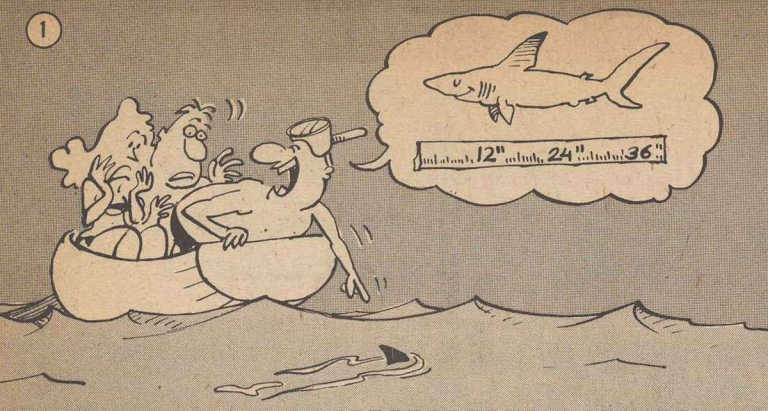


WRINKS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





WE'RE SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS DEPT.

Hi! This is **Joan Bye** with another in-depth interview for **MAD Magazine!** A strange choice for a guest interviewer? Well, not nearly as strange as the man I've been asked to interview! This is **Special Agent G. Howard Wasp**...



MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR



Agent Wasp ... I must congratulate you on your use of this airline as a cover for your CIA activities!

How did you know this is a CIA company?

It's the only airline in the country making a **PROFIT!!** But tell me—what is the real purpose of the CIA?

Our main thrust is the gathering of intelligence! By using this vital information, we help keep our nation strong and our people free!

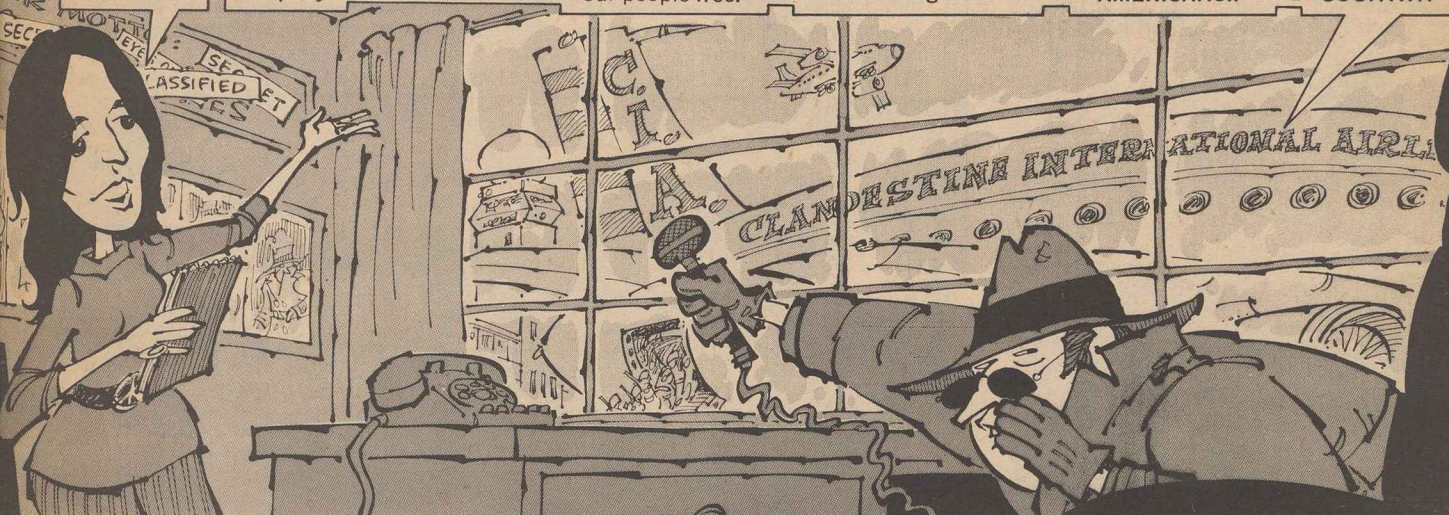
And how do you gather this vital information?

By bugging offices ... tapping telephones ... reading private mail ... breaking into psychiatrist's offices and stealing files ...

And are these dirty tricks used against the people that the CIA considers to be America's **ENEMIES**?

Naahh ... this is what we do to **AMERICANS!!**

We could never get away with that sort of hanky-panky in a **FOREIGN COUNTRY!**



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

But, Agent Wasp ...

I have a very strange feeling that this plant is bugged ...!

Er—would you mind speaking a bit louder into this plant ...?

Hmmm, you seem to be familiar with Undercover Methodology!

Oh, I AM! I've seen almost every James Bond movie!

What would you say was the most successful operation of the CIA ...?

Hmmm! There were so many! Personally, I liked the recovery of that Russian submarine!

Do you think it was worth spending over 300 million dollars for a section of an 18-year-old submarine?

It so happens we recovered some pretty valuable stuff when we raised that section!

Oh ...? You picked up some secret Russian decoding information?

No ... we picked up six cases of Russian Vodka! The good stuff! You can't get it anywhere!

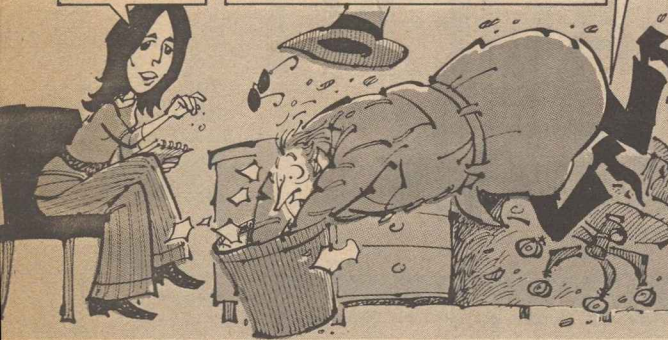


Hey!! That's **SABOTAGE!**

All I did was throw a gum wrapper into your wastepaper basket . . . !

It may be just a wastepaper basket to you, but in enemy hands, it's a gold mine of intelligence information! We have trash inspection twice a day, and if the Chief finds anything important in any of them . . . man, it's bad news!

I'm sorry! Had I known, I would have **SWALLOWED** the stupid thing!



Don't joke! The CIA has a phony Cleaning Service that picks up the trash from foreign embassies and airlines, recovering valuable items like this!

It looks like a— yecch—a **USED Kleenex!**

Only to **YOUR** un-trained eye! But to us, it tells us plenty about the health of a Russian biggie! See? He has a **COLD!**

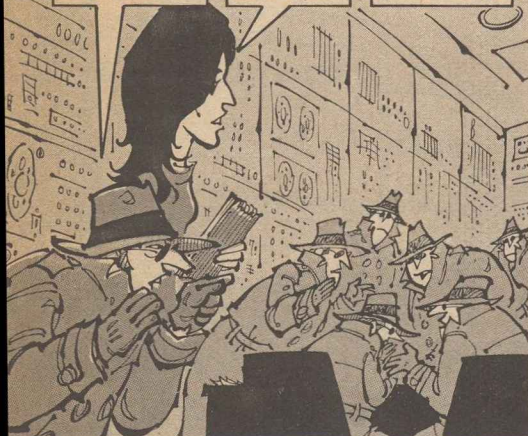
Lucky he doesn't have diarrhea!



This is one of the most important Departments of our organization!

Is this where you plan your **COVERT** strategies?

No, this is where we dream up excuses in case anything goes wrong!



Speaking of things going wrong, would you tell us about some of the CIA's more famous **BLUNDERS?**

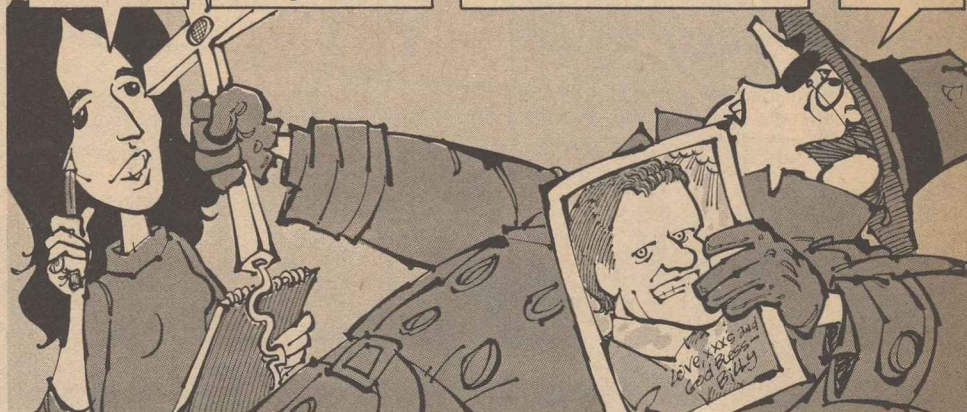
Er . . . we refer to such things as our "**Counter-productive Operations**" . . . !

How about a few words on the "**Bay of Pigs**" fiasco?

I'm afraid I'll have to invoke "**National Security**" on that one!

But wasn't it sheer insanity to attempt to **invade Cuba** with a badly-trained army of **1400 men** . . . pitting them against a crack Military force of **400,000** . . . ?!

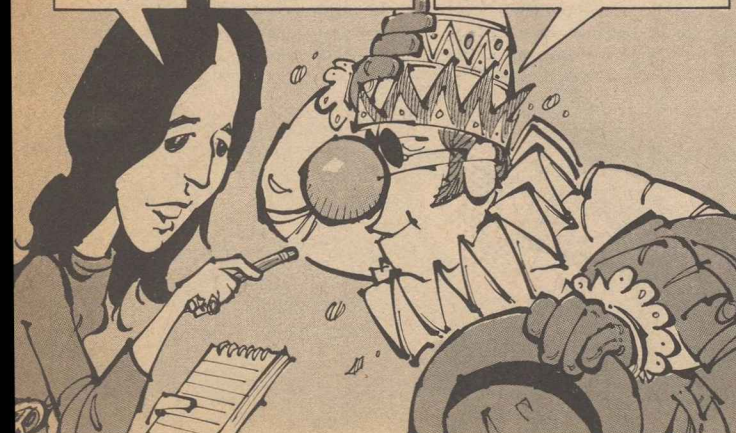
Not when **GOD** is on our side! You forget! They were **400,000 GODLESS COMMIES!**



Frankly, was the CIA involved in any way with **Watergate?**

The total extent of our involvement was in providing fiendishly clever disguises like this one to the perpetrators!

But if **WE**'d handled the Watergate account, you can rest assured **WE** would've linked the Democrats to the Commies . . . even if we had to manufacture the evidence!



And what's this? Your **Secret Code Room?**

No, these are just some abbreviations for the **Intelligence Reports** we submit to the President so he'll know what's going on in the world!

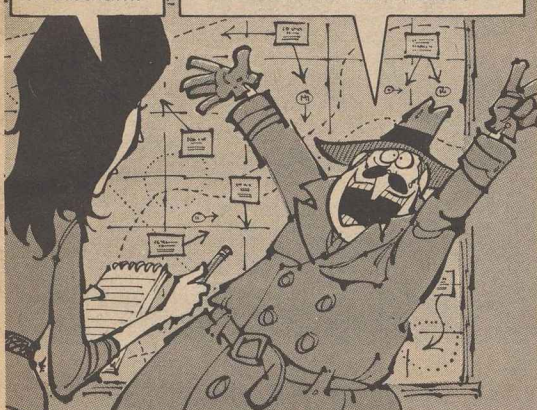
Which one does he consider to be the most **RELIABLE** and **USEFUL** source of information . . . ?

The New York Times!



How do you explain the failure of your people to come up with accurate intelligence in Vietnam?

Listen, study the figures on this chart if you want to know the **REAL** story of 'Nam! According to **OUR** "kill rate" and **OUR** "body count" and **OUR** "captured or destroyed enemy weapons," we **WON** the war in 1967!



Since most of the information the CIA gets comes through legitimate channels, why do you spend so much time with the "Cloak and Dagger" stuff?

We have to keep ahead of the KGB in the all-important "Dirty Tricks" War! I hate to say this, but they receive much better cooperation from their citizens than we do from ours! Every Russian tourist or performer or dancing bear that goes abroad works for the KGB! All the American tourist is interested in is food, booze and sex!

And another advantage the KGB has over us is: When one of **THEIR** agents has his job terminated, it's **Siberia** for him ... if he's lucky! When one of **OUR** guys drops out, he writes a book **EXPOSING** the CIA!

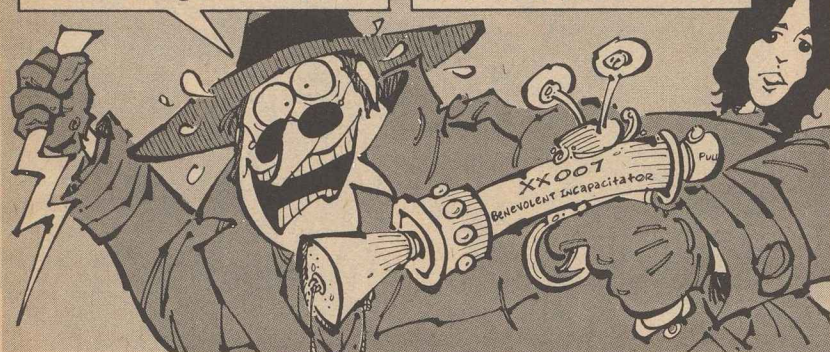


Is it true that you people used rain as a weapon in Vietnam ... ?

But isn't that dangerous? Aren't you afraid of tampering with the weather?

You bet your galoshes we did! We resorted to **weather modification** to break up demonstrations when regular methods of mob control—tear gas, clubs and itch powder—failed! We seeded the clouds and caused a **deluge** on those gooks!

Afraid? Never heard of the word! We're even experimenting with a way of piercing the **protective ozone layer** so we can **wipe out entire populations**! By God, we intend to insure peace and make the world safe for **Democracy**!

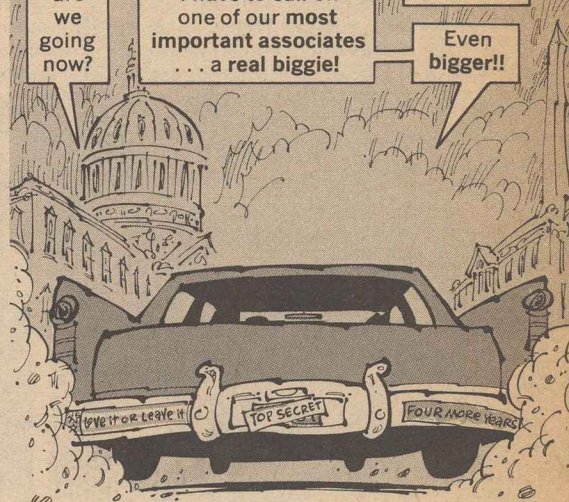


Where are we going now?

I have to call on one of our most important associates ... a real biggie!

The President?

Even bigger!!



You may rise ...

Thank you, Godfather! I have come to ask a favor ...

We foolishly allowed a small **Banana Republic** to hold a free election! And even though we spent millions buying votes, those peasants elected a **Left Wing President**! So we want to destabilize the government!

You ... **WHAT?!!**

We ... we would like this new government subverted!

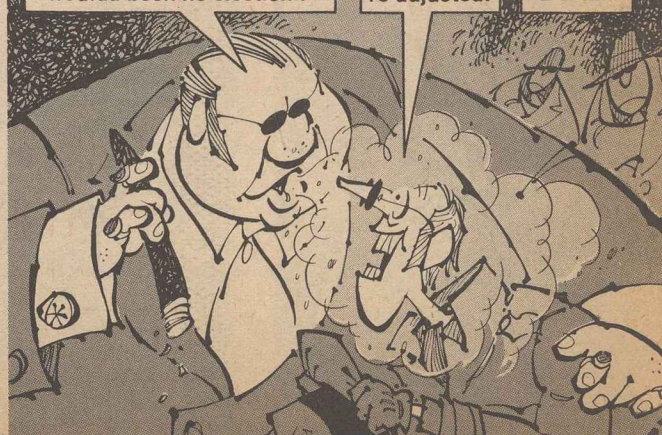
You mean you want us to **HIT** the guy!!



Why don't you guys learn t' speak English! I come from Sicily an' I speak better'n you! You shoulda come t' me in the first place! I woulda put out a contract, an' there woulda been no election!!

You will see to it that the situation is—uh—re-adjusted?

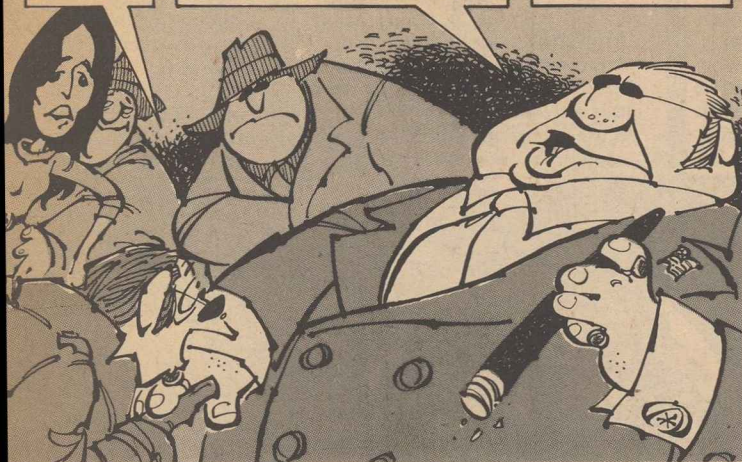
Consider this **FAVOR** you've asked of me **DONE!!**



Thank you, Godfather! We will pay you anything you ask!

I don't want money! I consider it an honor t' help my country! But . . . of course . . . I may call upon YOU to do ME a small favor in return . . . someday . . .

Anything! If the IRS, or a Crime Commission gets on your back, let us know! We'll handle it!



I'm shocked! I am really shocked! I can't believe an official agency of the United States Government would do business with ORGANIZED CRIME!

Listen, lady! We're engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Commies, and we'll accept assistance from ANY source to help preserve and spread the American way of life! Besides, if you want somebody rubbed out . . . where ELSE can you go?



Excuse me one minute, Miss Bye! I have to make a contact!

Hey, man, it's about time you got here with the bread! It's not easy to get those college kids to riot! This ain't the 60's, y'know! Today, all them dudes worry about is finding jobs after they graduate!

Well, do the best you can! Remember, your country's counting on you!



Today's college kids just don't have any spirit!

You mean you PAY dissidents to stir up unrest on college campuses!

Of course we do! We finance . . . and we infiltrate many Left Wing groups on campuses in order to determine if they're being influenced in any way by subversives from abroad! Besides, if we don't help them, the enemy will!

Like Russia and China?

No, the FBI!



You mean you regard the FBI as "the enemy"?

They're a disgrace to undercover work! If OUR company had the Hearst account, you can rest assured that Patty would have been wasted long ago, no matter how many doors we had to kick in!

But isn't domestic spying actually forbidden by the CIA Charter?

Listen, if people have nothing to hide . . . why should they object to being checked out?

The old "If you're clean, why should you care?" philosophy!

Glad you understand! It makes my job so much easier! Now . . . how much money did you earn last year? I can check with IRS, y'know! What magazines and newspapers do you read?

What organizations do you belong to?

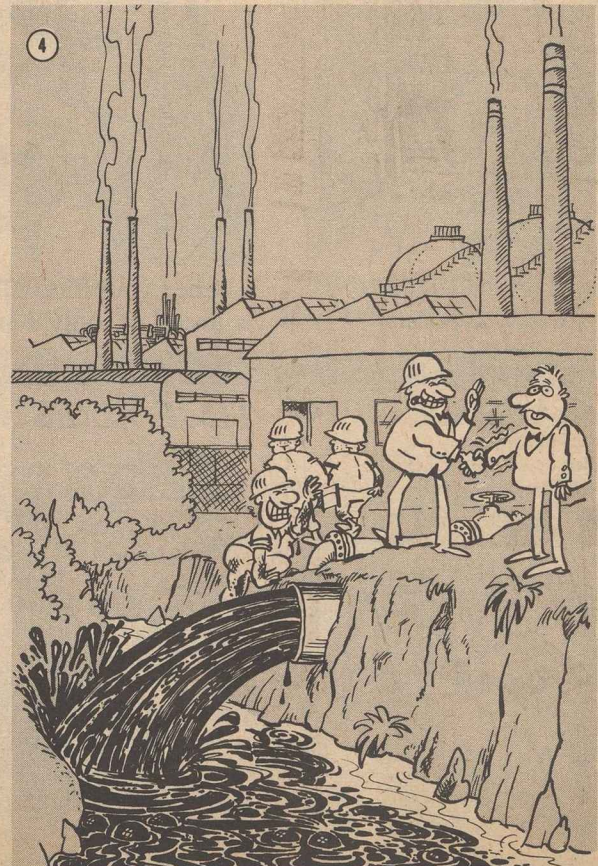
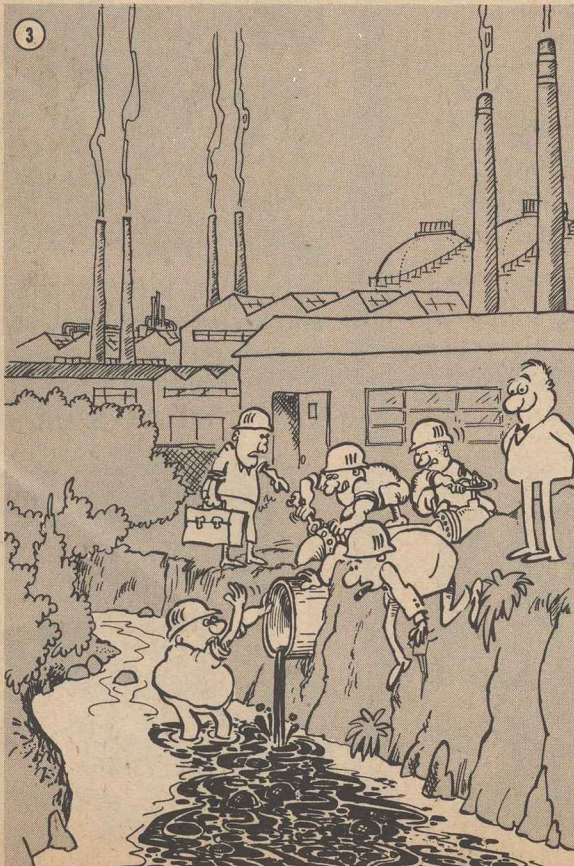
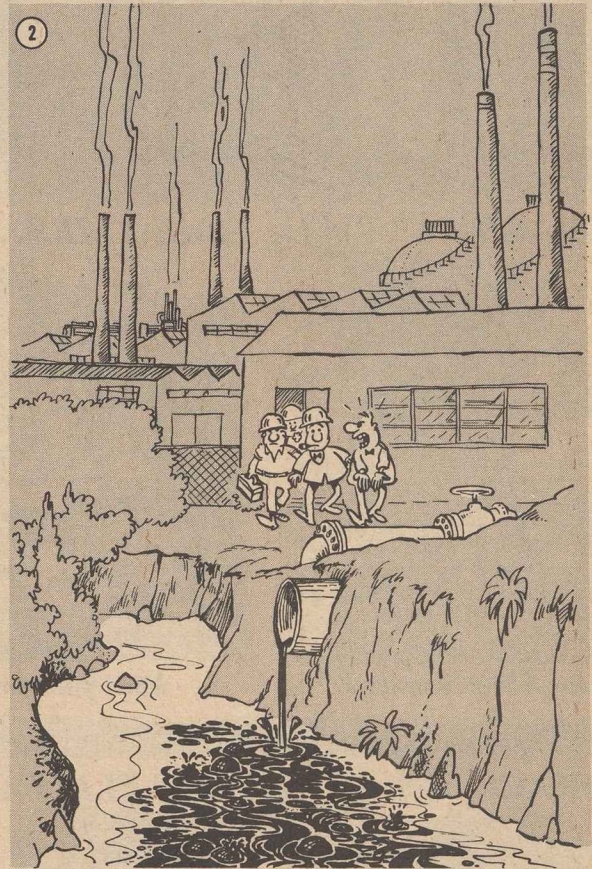
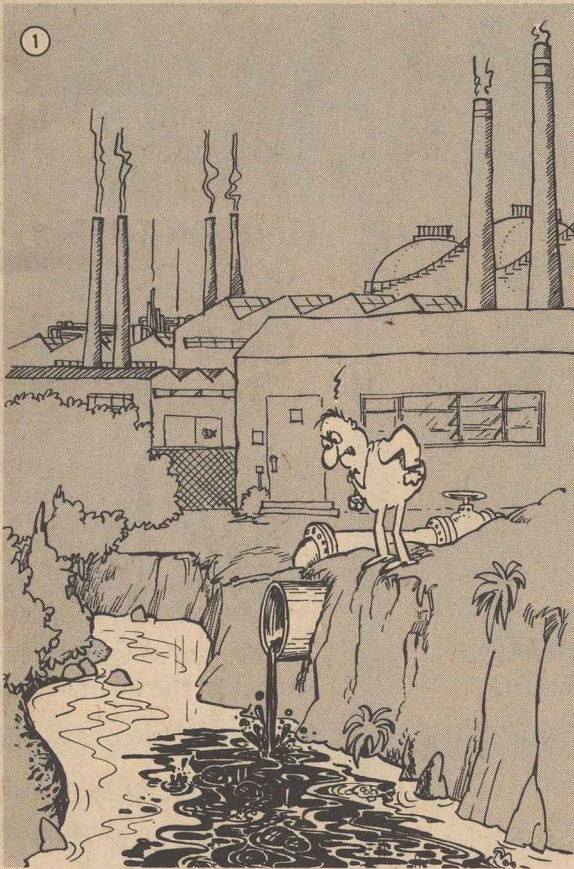
Do you contribute to any political party or group?

How often did you and your husband—

This is Joan Bye— signing off, and returning you to MAD Magazine!



Pollution Alert



WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...



...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...



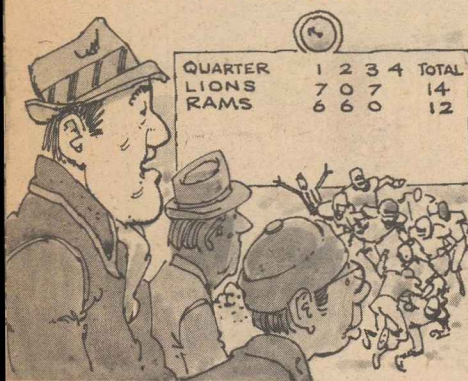
...when you're on the ride.

TIME DRAGS...



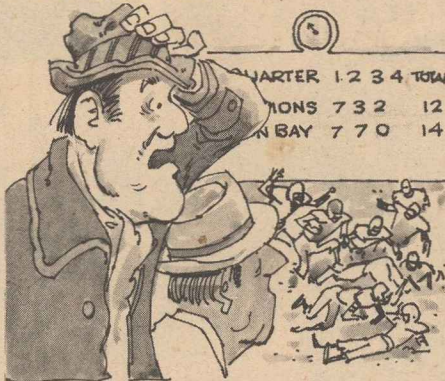
...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

TIME DRAGS...



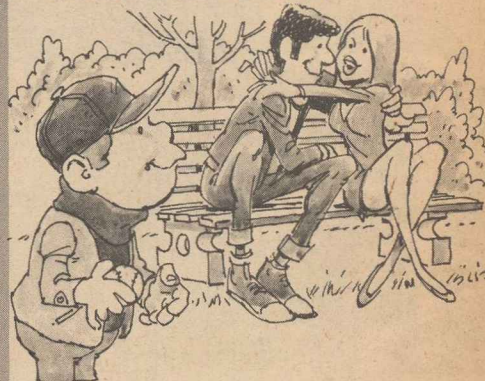
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...



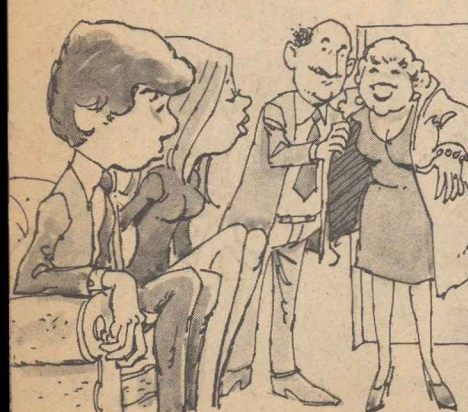
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...



...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...till her parents go out.

TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.



Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...



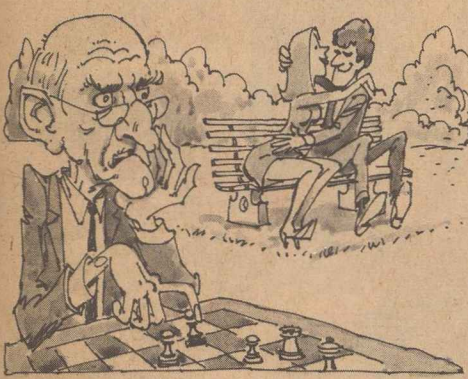
...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

TIME FLIES...



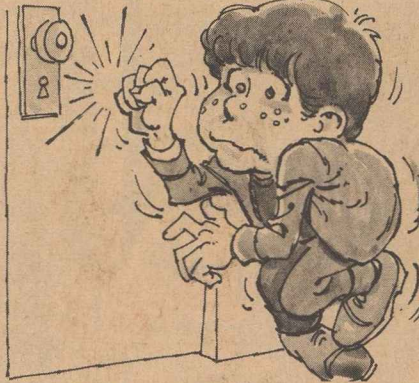
...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...



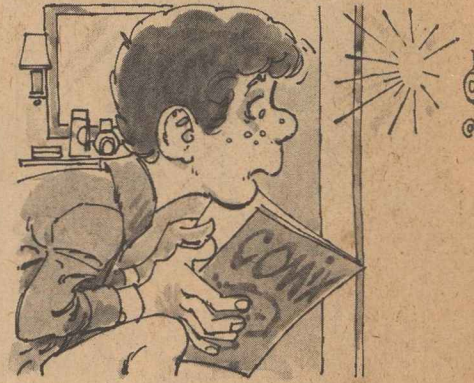
...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



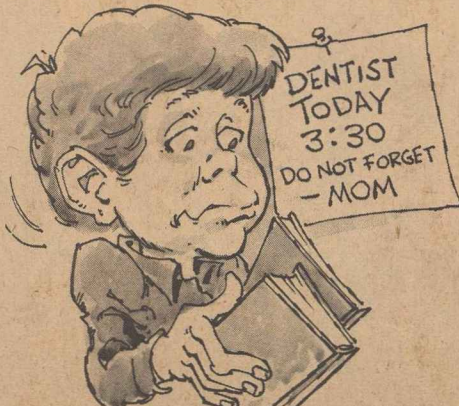
...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



...between bills.

TIME FLIES...



...between Dentist appointments.

TIME DRAGS...



...when he's drilling your tooth.

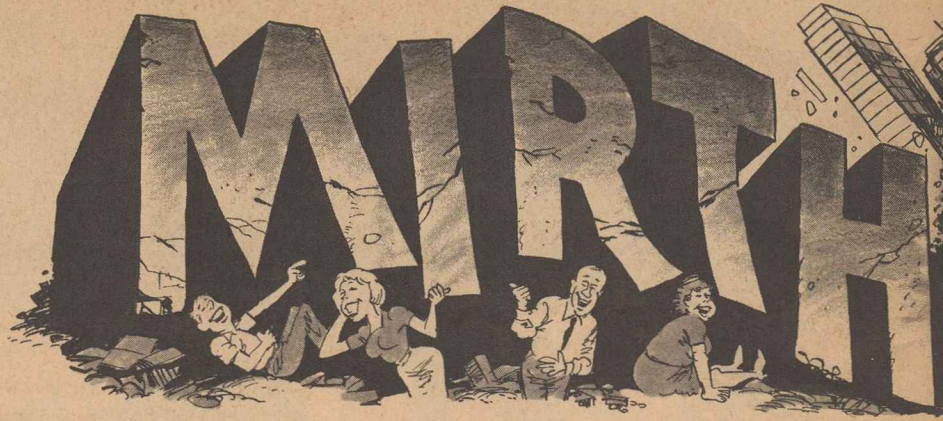
ATTENTION!

There's a gimmicky film filled with special effects, that also features

SENSELESS ROUNDS

of inane dialogue. Please be aware that this satire features the same thing, and that as you read it and see the pictures, you will suddenly start to feel something. Therefore, the Editors take no responsibility for your physical or your emotional reactions . . . or your dry cleaning bills . . . as you read through MAD's

PLAYING IT FOR SHAKE VALUE DEPT.



Hi! I'm back from jogging, Seamy! Hey—why is it so dark in here?

It's supposed to set the mood for the catastrophe that's coming!

You mean the Earthquake?!

No . . . ME . . . when I step out into the daylight . . . and everyone sees how I've AGED after all these years!

I'm afraid I don't have time for breakfast!

After all the trouble I went to?!? Instant Coffee doesn't KEEP once it's mixed with water, y'know!

I promised to drop off an autographed football for little Borey, the Widow Marshmallow's kid!

Hah! Don't make me laugh! You haven't played football in twenty years!

Well, you haven't ACTED in twenty years, and you're making ME laugh!

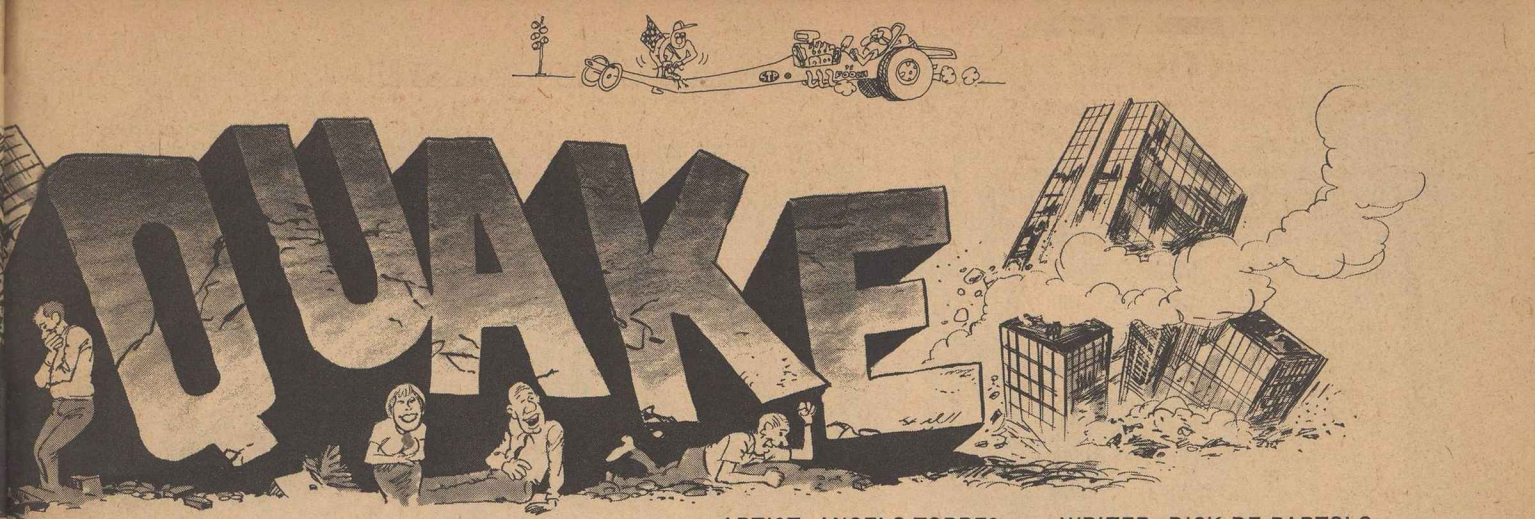
Y'know, there's only ONE thing that's keeping me from getting drunk this early in the morning!

Let me guess! We ran out of BOOZE!!

No, smarty! I'm ALREADY drunk! And just so's I'd have something to nosh on, I ate this whole jar of white peanuts!

Y-you ate this—this entire jar of Sleeping Pills?!? Oh, God . . . say it isn't so! Those pills cost over 50¢ each!!





ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Yeah, Doc, she took an overdose of pills! She's passed out! Do I know how to induce vomiting? Sure! I'll let her read the rest of the script! WAIT! What's going on?

No, I think it's my stomach! That's how upset you make me—Hey! You're FAKING!

Don't be angry with me, Grief! Please! I'm sorry! I'll do anything you want!

Okay! How about taking an overdose of Sleeping Pills?!

Hey... that was quite a shock! Don't you think we should check the Dam for any damage?

Nah! A little tremor like that couldn't cause any damage! Besides, that big hunk of concrete just fell down and blocked the door!

Here's the football I promised you, Borey! I hope you'll save it until I'm old and gray!

Sure, Grief! A football like this is bound to last for at least a week or two...!

Is it an EARTHQUAKE?

RUMBLE RUMBLE

Great news, Grief! I got a part in a really fantastic movie!

That's more than I can say these last few years...!

I play a wild nymphomaniac!

Would you like some help... REHEARSING?

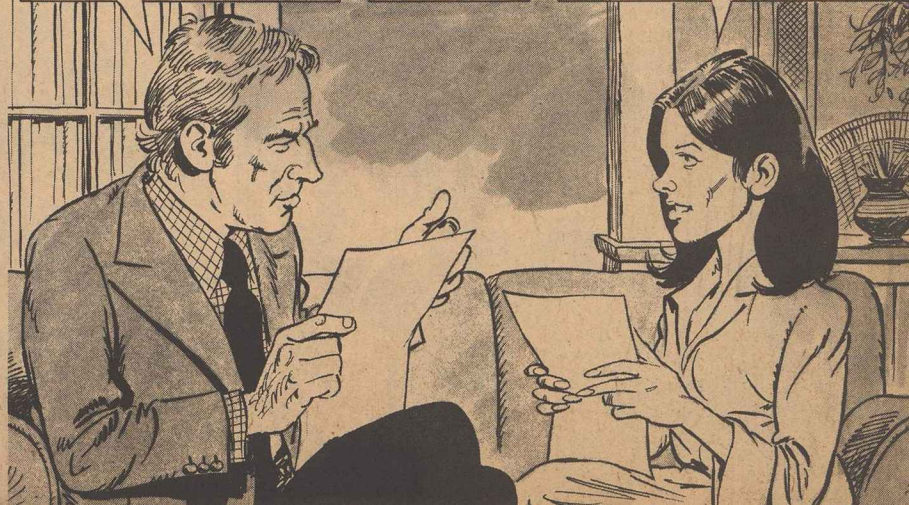
C'mon! Stop clowning around and read this page of script so I can practice my lines!

Sure! Okay, here goes... "Hel-lo, Ma-ry! I-am-home from-work-early-tonight!"

Hmmm! Oh, boy, are we in big trouble!!

Why? Was it that bad??

No, you're the same as you ALWAYS are! And that's the problem! How are people going to tell the difference between your USUAL wooden acting, and this supposedly "AMATEUR" wooden acting?!



Listen, kid! You're only a lousy Assistant here! So far this year, **every** time you said we were going to have a tremor, we **HAD** one! **NOW** you say we're going to have a **MAJOR EARTHQUAKE?!!**

That's what I've figured out, Sir!

Well, let me warn you! If we **DO**, any damage it does will come out of **YOUR PAY!**



Well, how was that? I did it just like you said! Up the ramp . . . down the ramp . . . over the loop-the-loop . . . through the flaming ring . . . out the zig-zag—

Well, not **EXACTLY** like I said, Milds! You were supposed to do it **ON** the Motorcycle . . . !

Did you say **ON** the Motorcycle?! Man, I'd **KILL** myself! **JOGGING** over that thing was hard enough!



Mayor, I called you here because there is a **remote possibility** that we will have a **major Earthquake!** I say **remote**, because the man who has predicted it has been **100% accurate** so far . . . but he's only a **Seismographic Assistant!**

Well, since it is **ONLY** a **remote possibility**, and since I wouldn't want to see a panic, I think I'll just take my family and go to a nice **safe location!** Then, once I'm safely away, you can call out the **National Guard . . .** and my family won't panic!

All you have to **do** is sit behind me on my bike as I **loop-the-loop**, jump this 30-foot stretch of sharp pickets and leap through a wall of flame at 100 miles an hour!

Not me! I'm not doing anything like that with you!

You know what your problem is, Baby? You're filled with **RACIAL PREJUDICE!**



Attention, please! The following announcement has **NOTHING** to do with a **major Earthquake** that could wipe out this entire city, and kill each and every one of you listening! It is merely a **precautionary measure** designed to mobilize the manpower necessary to cope with destruction and death! Will the following **National Guard Units** report immediately! The **Heavy Earth-Moving Battalions**, the **Emergency Rescue Teams**, the **Riot Control Units**, the **Plague, Pestilence and Typhoid Troops**, and—oh, yes—the **Store Clerks Battalion!**



We've got a big Las Vegas agent coming down to look at our act, Slayed! So you gotta help us! You gotta lend us the money to buy some more of these "**MILDS**" tee-shirts! Just look at how one of them looks on Posa . . .

Oh, yeah! They're—gulp—they're really somethin'!

And that's just how they look on **POSA!** Imagine how they'll look on us **GUYS!**



Daddy, you've got to do me a big favor!

I'll do **anything** you ask, Seamy! You **know** you've always been very **special** to me! You're the **only daughter** I ever had that was **OLDER** than me!

You've got to give **Grief** the business!

I'd be glad to, Honey! But if he doesn't like it coming from **YOU**, I doubt if he'll like it any better coming from **ME**!

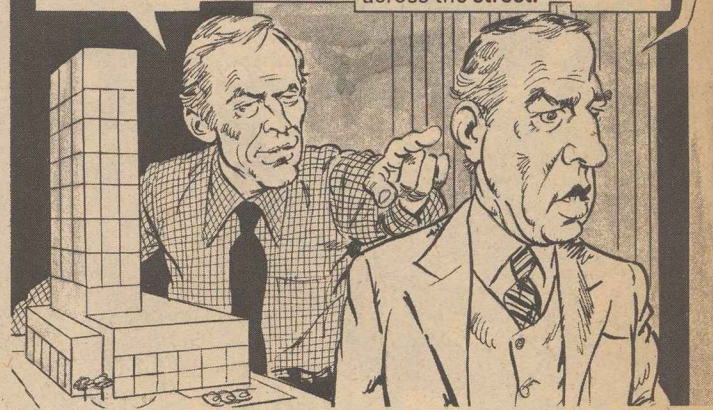
I want your permission to upgrade the "specs" of the building we're going to construct for you . . . !

Why!?! Don't the old specs meet the **Building Code**?

Of course! But just meeting the Building Code these days isn't **ENOUGH!** Look at that building across the street!

But . . . but there's **NO** building across the street!

See what I mean?!



Okay . . . enough, already! I give you my permission to upgrade the specs! Now stop this ridiculous demonstration!!

Sorry . . . but this is no demonstration! It's a **REAL EARTHQUAKE!**

Mr. Grief! Mr. Grief! Our Window Washer just fell thirty stories!!

Well, what difference does **THAT** make?! We don't have any more **WINDOWS!!**



Are you alright?

How come, when your **BUILDING** is falling down around us, you suddenly start thinking of me?

I—I guess seeing **ONE** wreck made me think of **ANOTHER!**

Then you **DO** care for me! Will you stop seeing that **Marshmallow woman**?

I'll make a deal with you! I'll see **YOU** during **Earthquakes**, and I'll see **HER** the rest of the time!



RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE...RUMBLE.

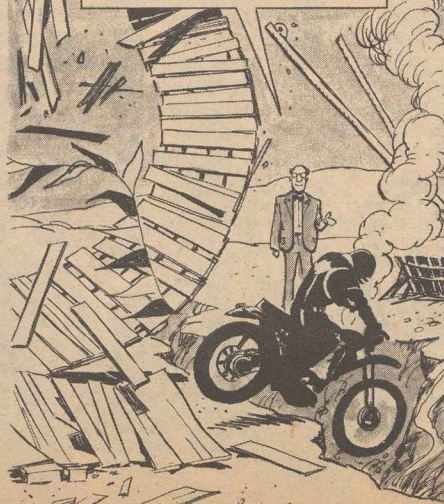
I just can't win! Last month, I saw "**Towering Inferno**" and got so scared, I moved from the thirty-eighth floor to the **BASEMENT!**

NOW, all thirty-eight floors are falling down **TOP** of me . . . !

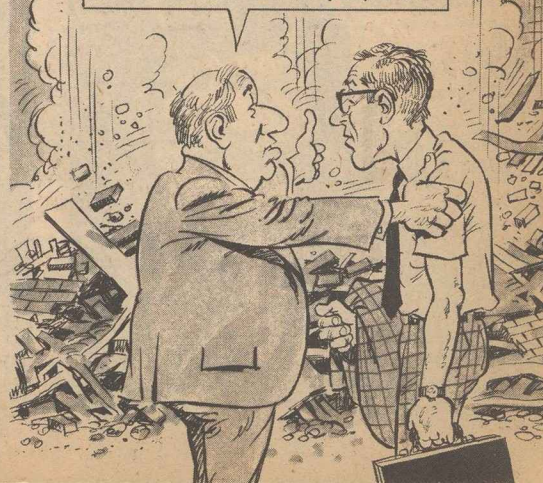


Man, that **IS** a great act!!

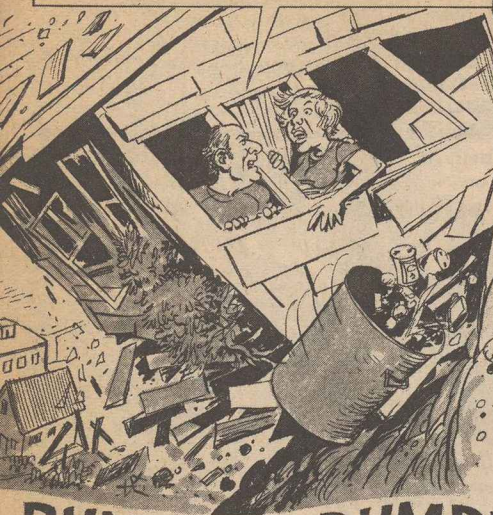
But are you **SURE** you can do it **THREE TIMES A DAY**?



I can let you have this four-story building for **\$80,000** . . . er, this **three-story** building for **\$60,000** . . . er, this two-story building for **\$40,000** . . . er, how about a nice **PARKING LOT** for **\$10,000?!**

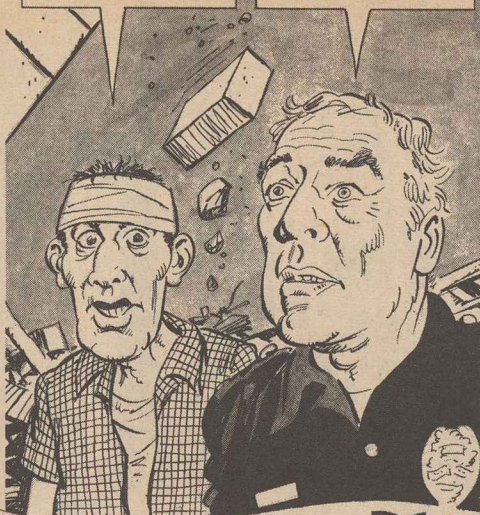


NOW what are you complaining about?! For years, you have been saying you wanted to move into the Valley! Well . . . now you're in the Valley, so **SHUT UP!**



Excuse me, did you see a Ranch-style House with a Car Port go by here?

No, just a Church, a Post Office and a Ball Park! But I'll keep my eyes open!



Listen! Tell you what! Forget the \$5000 price I just asked for it! I'm in a good mood today! Fifty bucks takes it away!!



RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE...

Good Lord! What happened?

With all the leaking gas around, that jerk just ran into his house with a lit cigarette . . .

See . . . ? Smoking really IS dangerous to your health!



Help me! I need a Doctor! I—need a Doctor!

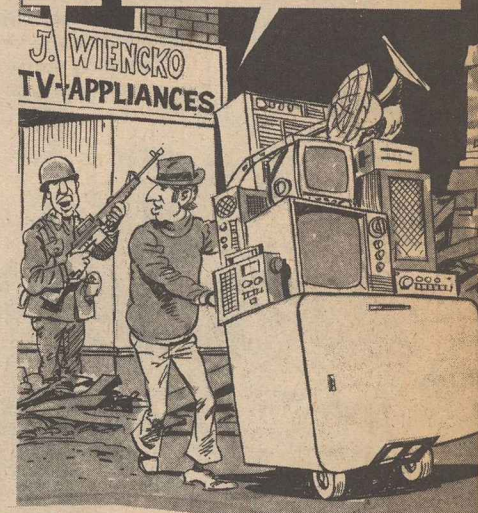
I'm a Doctor . . . ! I can't believe it! A Doctor . . . here . . . just when I need one!

Well, there's nothing else to do! My Golf Course is one big SANDTRAP!



HEY! What are you doing?!

The Cop back there said this was an **EMERGENCY . . .** and we should all help ourselves! So I'm **HELPING MYSELF!!**



RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE... RUMBLE....

Okay . . . everybody calm down! The worst is over!

You . . . you mean the tremors are finished?!?

No . . . I mean we're half-way through the movie!



Now, listen! The stairs between this floor and the next five floors have been torn away! I'm going to have to lower you folks in this chair—one at a time!

Okay, girls—take off your Panty Hose!

Why? Are you thinking of using our Panty Hose to tie us into the chair?

No, actually just watching girls take off their Panty Hose turns me on!

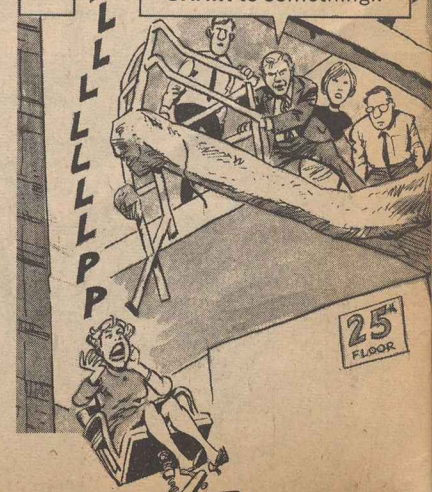
But maybe it isn't such a bad idea . . .



Here goes the first one!

H E L L L L L P !

Er . . . tying her to the chair was a great idea! But an even **BETTER** idea would've been to tie the **CHAIR** to something!!





See...? You were worried about this Dam! It took that giant Earthquake, and it's **STILL** in one piece!

Yeah!... It's in **ONE PIECE**, all right! But that one piece is six blocks away from where it used to be!

Hold it! I think I'm getting something on my portable radio...

This is your Mayor speaking! Please be assured that I know exactly what you're going through! I only wish that I could be there, sharing this experience with you... instead of here in beautiful San Francisco! I also know that this is a bad time to bring up the subject of increased Real Estate taxes... but...

I don't believe what I'm hearing!

Listen, he's better than most Mayors! I'm from New York, and—

Excuse me, Officer... but are there any Pay Phones working?

Not one in the entire City...!

Really? Boy... that Earthquake did some damage!

Why blame that! We didn't have any Pay Phones working in this City **BEFORE** the Earthquake!

Okay, Buddy, pull over to the curb!

I'd love to, but the curb is under twenty or thirty feet of debris!

Then pull over to the debris! We need your truck to help carry the injured!

Forget it! I'M no Good Samaritan!

How about I blow your brains out with my .38?

Yessiree... I'm no Good Samaritan! I'm a **GREAT** Samaritan! Take the truck...

Dr. Vonce, this man just had a massive heart attack!

Is he a celebrity? I'm only treating celebrities!

It's Lorne Greene!

Well, I'll make an exception in this case... and treat him anyway!

Look at that man, grinning like an idiot! How can he be so **HAPPY** during such a disaster!?

Because he's Walter Matthau... and he's the only actor in the entire film who **doesn't** get any **CREDIT**!

Those After-Shocks have caused some more damage!

What do you mean "damage"! I don't call some hairline cracks damage! Now, where's my Assistant?

He just fell through one of them hairline cracks... and he was in his car at the time!

Have you seen Mrs. Marshmallow anywhere?

Yes, she was in the sub-basement of that building, but all the entrances were sealed by those last After-Shocks! There's no way you can help her!

I know! We'll dig our way into that sub-basement!

Are you crazy? Do you know how far down underground a sub-basement is?

Sure I do! In this particular building, the sub-basement is on the **THIRD FLOOR!** It's one that I designed! I saved a huge fortune on the digging costs!



We're trapped in here! They'll never try to reach us!

Wrong! If it was only **ME** trapped in here with a hundred other elderly people, they might never bother to try to rescue us! But trap one pretty, sexy love interest and—

Doctor! there's someone breaking through the wall with a jackhammer!

Hmmmm! Need I say more?!!



Inspector! We've got to abandon this Dam! It's—it's starting to collapse!!

I can **SEE** that! That's why I'm trying to reduce the pressure by draining off some of the water!!

But, Inspector! With a little **CUP!?! At the rate you're going, it will take YEARS!!**

Well, don't just **STAND** there, you idiot! Help me! Get me a **BIGGER CUP...!**



There's no need to panic! Sure, if the Dam breaks, most of us will die like drowning rats in a sinking ship! But Dams have been known to stand up under bigger shocks than the Earthquake we've had today!

LOOK!! Here comes the water! The Dam **BROKE!!**

Then again, on the other hand—let's **GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!**



Grief! It's **ME!** I'm here, and I'm safe!

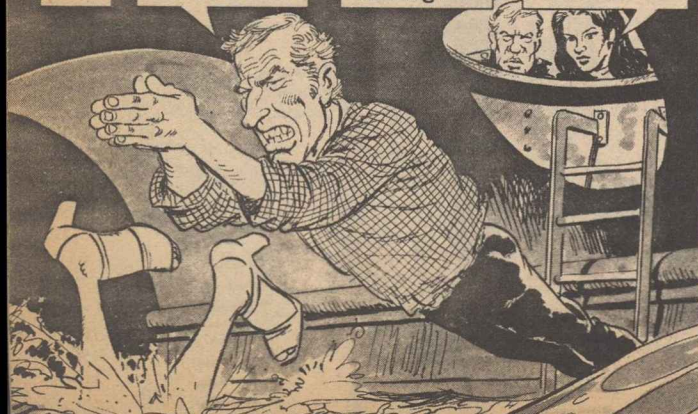
I know! But Seamy is being carried away by the flood! I've got to save her! This is a **TEST...!**

OF LOVE...?

No... of **STUPIDITY!**

Hang on Seamy! I'm coming...

Well, there he goes... trying to save her... choosing sure death to **ME!** Looks like stupidity won!



Terrible! They've all gone down the drain!

But only a few people went down the drain!

Who's talking about **PEOPLE!?! I'm talking about ACTING CAREERS!** And, Buddy, anyone connected with this movie just saw **THEIRS** go down the drain!



**WHAT UNUSUAL
DINING AID
WILL SOON
BECOME A
NECESSITY
IN MANY
RESTAURANTS?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today, many fine restaurants are desperately trying to keep the quality of their food up, while attempting to hold their prices down. However, as a result of this effort, one special "dining aid" will soon become indispensable to people who love to dine out. To see what this item is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A)

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B)

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



A MARVELOUS RESTAURANT'S MENU IS ITS ONLY WAY OF SIGNIFYING
GOURMET FOOD. LOW PRICES PUT IT IN A SPECIAL CLASS
FOR SHREWD DINERS. IN TODAY'S ECONOMY, THIS SORT OF THINKING
PORTRAYS THE AVERAGE FOOD LOVER'S CONCERNS AND OPINIONS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A)

B)

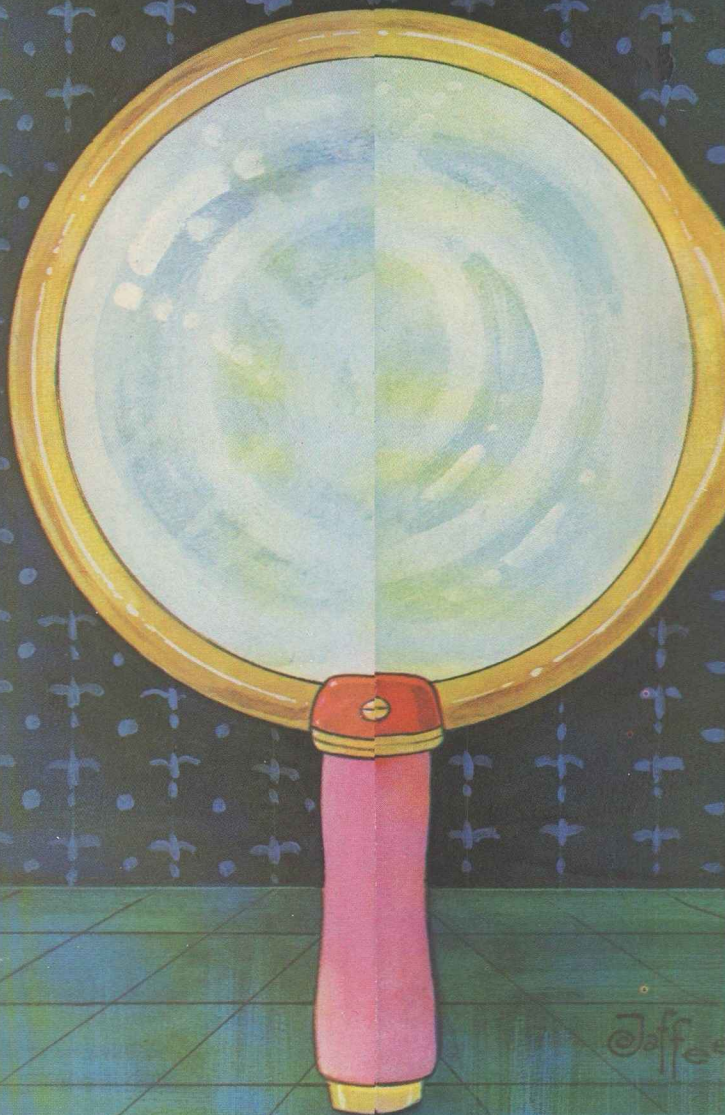
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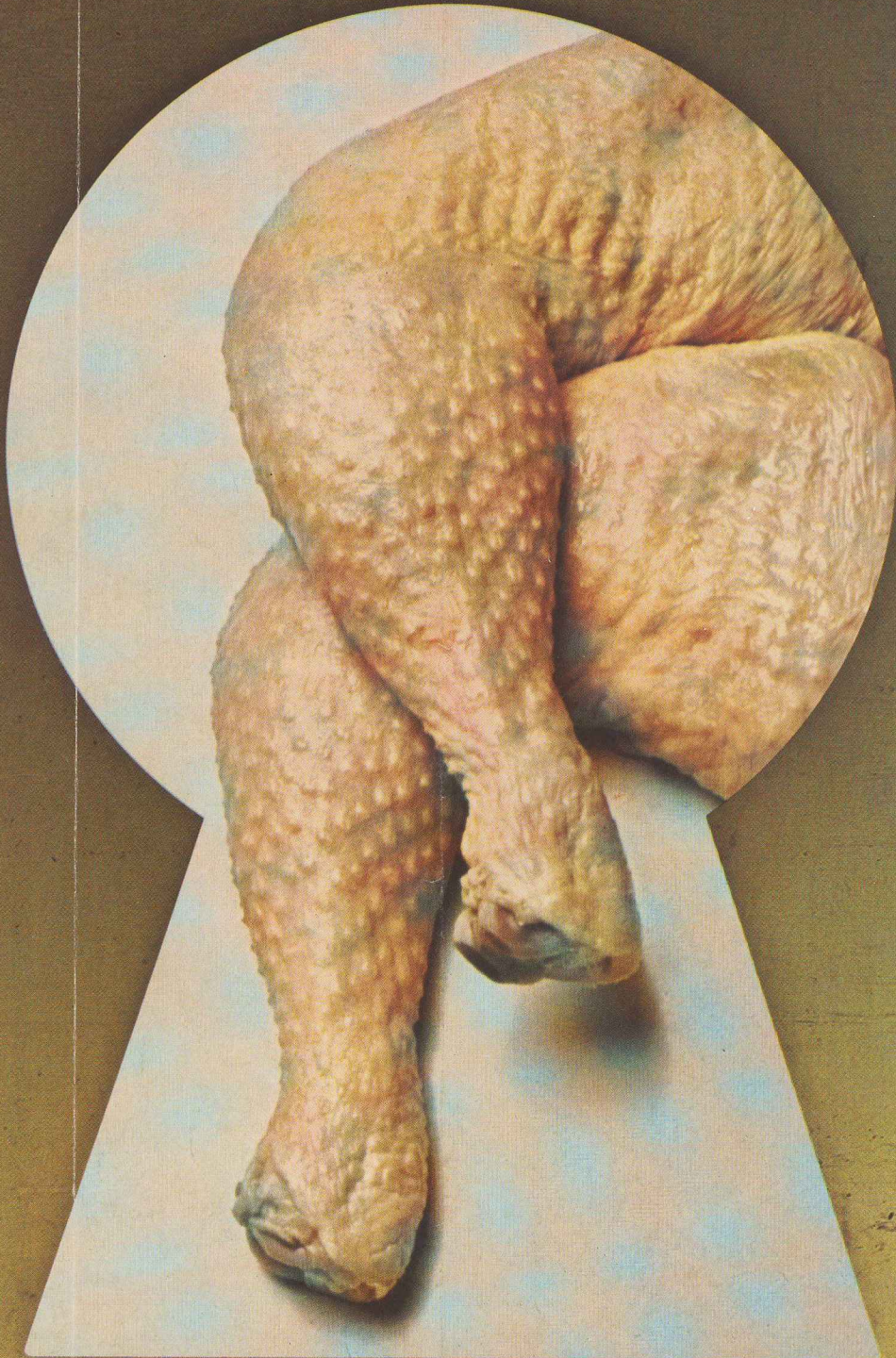


**A MAGNIFYING
GLASS
FOR SHRINKING
PORTIONS**

**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**



A MAD PEEK THROUGH FRANK PERDUE'S KEYHOLE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY GARCIA

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER